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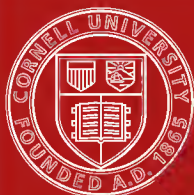
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"Good gracious, Annabelle": a romantic fa



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"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

By CLARE KUMMER



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

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Now and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

"Good Gracious Annabelle"

A ROMANTIC FARCE COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

CLARE KUMMER

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CAST

JOHN RAWSON—

A Western Mine Owner of Great Wealth

GEORGE WIMBLEDON—

Who Has Inherited His Father's Millions

HARRY MURCHISON—

Whose Income Is Large but Uncertain

WILLIAM GOSLING *A Lawyer*

WILBUR JENNINGS....*An Indignant English Poet*

ALFRED WEATHERBY—

Whose Father Can No Longer Pay His Bills

JAMES LUDGATE.....*George Wimbledon's Man*

WICKHAM.....*A House Detective*

ALEC *Page Boy*

TITCOMB *Clerk*

ANNABELLE LEIGH—

Who Has a Husband Somewhere

ETHEL DEANE.....*An Artist in Distress*

GWENDOLEN MORLEY—

A Poor Girl at the Mercy of Her Rich Parents

LOTTIE *Under Cook at Wimbledon's*

ACT I. Corridor of a fashionable New York
Hotel.

ACT II. The Servants' Hall at Wimbledon's
place, Rock Point, Long Island.

ACT III. The Lodge Garden.

Copy of the play-bill of the first performance of "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE" at the Republic Theatre, New York, October 31, 1916:

MR. ARTHUR HOPKINS
PRESENTS
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
A NEW PLAY
IN
THREE ACTS
BY

CLARE KUMMER

STAGED BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

JAMES LUDGATE, *George Wimbledon's man*—
J. Palmer Collins
WICKHAM, *house detective at the St. Swithin*—
Harry C. Bradley
WILBUR JENNINGS, *an indigent English poet*—
Roland Young
ETHEL DEANE, *an artist in distress*.....Ruth Harding
ALFRED WEATHERBY, *whose father can no longer pay his bills* Walter Schellin
GWENDOLEN MORLEY, *a poor girl at the mercy of her rich parents* Helen Lee
ALEC, *page boy*..... Mac Macomber
WILLIAM GOSLING, *a lawyer*.....Edwin Holland
TITCOMB, *clerk at the St. Swithin*.....Willis Reed
GEORGE WIMBLETON, *who owns an estate on Long Island*—
Edwin Nicander
ANNABELLE LEIGH, *who has a husband somewhere*—
Lola Fisher
JOHN RAWSON, *a Western mine owner of great wealth*—
Walter Hampden
HARRY MURCHISON, *whose income is large but uncertain*—
Harry Ingram
LOTTIE, *under-cook at WIMBLETON'S*.....May Vokes

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Hotel St. Swithin, New York.
ACT II. Servants' Hall at Wimbledon's Country Place.
ACT III. Lodge Garden at Wimbledon's.

“Good Gracious Annabelle”

AT RISE: JENNINGS *discovered reading newspaper on seat R.* WICKHAM and JAMES *enter left corridor, walking.*

(*Opening music, “Somebody’s Eyes,” as they talk.*)

JAMES. (L.C.) Well, Mr. Wickham, bein’ a house detective at this time of year must be an easy job.

WICKHAM. (L. of him) It gives me time to study, Mr. Ludgate—and with all these modern theories coming up a detective needs study.

JAMES. Indeed!

WICKHAM. Did Mr. Wimbledon get off?

JAMES. Oh, yes—he left last night.

WICKHAM. I’m surprised you didn’t go with him.

JAMES. I’ve done with that. Two Japanese val-ets can take care of him—and I’ve got the place to look after.

WICKHAM. I see—it must be a wonderful place.

JAMES. Well, it takes care of forty servants—I don’t include myself.

WICKHAM. Of course not, you are more in the capacity of—friend.

JAMES. Not at all—I merely see that his ideas are carried out—most of them are rotten.

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WICKHAM. It must be very pleasant when he's not there.

JAMES. Oh, yes—we have our own billiard room, dining-room and the servants' hall. Why, there ain't a handsomer room in the house—Mr. Wickham. We've all the latest magazines, a victrola and a baby grand piano—and I have an automobile at my disposal for necessary errands.

WICKHAM. Will he be away the entire summer, Mr. Ludgate?

JAMES. Oh, yes, and I'm glad he's gone. The place don't seem like home when he's there. If it's only over night there's a disturbance.—This time he dismissed four servants. Now I've got four good people to replace, and the captain of the Bluebell—I was very sorry to see him go—a fine man and a liberal entertainer.

WICKHAM. Why has he gone? (*Has reached a spot about L.C., remains here until exit.*)

JAMES. (*R. of him*) Mr. Wimbledon says he ain't honest. The weather was too rough for a sail when he was down, so he goes aboard and decides to count the linen—goes a-rummaging over the tablecloths and napkins.—Now you know, Mr. Wickham, that ain't manly.

WICKHAM. It's a great mistake to accuse anyone of being dishonest. It's so easy to detect a thief—why, there's no question about that with modern methods.—I can tell in a few minutes' conversation if a man is a thief—

JAMES. (*Nervously*) You don't say!

WICKHAM. Oh, yes—Supposing you pick up an umbrella.

JAMES. Oh, Mr. Wickham, please—I can't suppose anything of the kind. The idea of picking up an umbrella is offensive to me.

STOP MUSIC

WICKHAM. (*Stop music*) Well—take something more valuable.—Suppose you enter a bank and pick up a bill that a lady drops after cashing a cheque—I step up to you and give you the words "Horticultural, platitudinous, submersible, William."

JAMES. William, William who——

WICKHAM. There, you see, you picked the very word, *William Bill*. It's all in the association of ideas, Mr. Ludgate.

(*Enter* ETHEL R.I., *crosses to* JENNINGS. WICKHAM and JAMES *stroll off* L.I.)

ETHEL. Am I late? Are we having lunch here, Wilbur? (*Sits L. of* JENNINGS.)

JENNINGS. Well—are we?

ETHEL. Did you sell your verses to Binder?

JENNINGS. No—he seemed to think they were indecent and when I explained to him that they weren't, he lost interest in them—so that's off.

ETHEL. Oh, dear—why did you have to explain——

JENNINGS. How about the picture—all right?

ETHEL. Here, let me read it. Mrs. Silliman's morning swat—(*Takes note and reads*)—"I am returning the portrait of my husband—I would not have such a looking thing in the house——"

JENNINGS. But she has him in the house.

ETHEL. (*Puts note-book back in bag*) So there's five hundred dollars gone to the dogs——

JENNINGS. Well—what do you say to going around to the bakery? They really have very good noodle soup——

ETHEL. Wilbur—I consider myself the greatest artist in New York City.—You are the greatest poet.—Why should we have to eat in a bakery?

JENNINGS. Well, artists and poets always have—it's become a sort of tradition.

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ETHEL. Well—I won't do it, as long as one does those things one has to.—We should avoid poor people.

JENNINGS. You mean we should avoid each other?

ETHEL. Of course not—but, really, Wilbur, it does seem as if poverty almost rubs off.

JENNINGS. Come on—you're hungry—that's all's the matter——

ETHEL. No—we'll have to wait for Gwen Morley—I told her I'd meet her here——

JENNINGS. Is she coming for lunch?

ETHEL. I don't know what she's coming for.

JENNINGS. (*Rising*) Oh, well—it's all right. (X.R.) I'll just leave my watch with the clerk. (*Pulls out chain from which watch is missing*) Oh—I forgot.

ETHEL. (*With sarcasm*) Your watch is being cleaned again—so soon?

JENNINGS. (*Meekly. Sits again*) Yes.

ETHEL. If Alfred is with Gwen, maybe they'll have us to lunch—Alfred always has money.

JENNINGS. Somebody's money—well—let's hope he's with her.

ETHEL. (*Both rise*) He is—there they are. Hello, people——

(GWEN and ALFRED enter L.I., crossing R. ALEC enters L.I.)

ALFRED. Well—how's the world treating you, Eth?

ETHEL. It never has, Alfred—— (*Sits L. of c. bench.*)

ALEC. (*Interrupting*) Beg pardon, sir, but the cab man wants to know if he's to wait——

ALFRED. (L.C.) Yes—I guess he'll have to——

GWEN. But if he waits, it'll be more—— (GWEN



The stage of the Republic Theatre, New York, set for "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE", Act I.

has found a seat to R. of ETHEL. JENNINGS sits up R. bench.)

ALFRED. *(To JENNINGS)* Jennings, old man—lend me a dollar, will you?

JENNINGS. *(He has seated himself in wicker bench down R.)* Why, certainly—— *(Pulling out change)* There's just a dollar there—you needn't count it.

ALFRED. *(After hesitating a moment)* Thanks. *(Gives money to ALEC, who exits L.I.)*

GWEN. *(To ETHEL)* I'm going to ask you something, Eth. If you've sold your picture, I want you to lend me a hundred dollars.

ETHEL. My dear girl—I would gladly let you have it, but I was just telling Wilbur—Mrs. Silliman had refused the picture.

GWEN. What? Ethel—after you've worked six months on it. Alfred, Mrs. Silliman has refused Ethel's picture of Mr. Silliman.

ALFRED. Have her arrested.

ETHEL. When I think of the hours I spent painting his nose.

ALFRED. Yes—but think of the years he spent painting it.

GWEN. I wouldn't have asked you, Ethel, but father has cut off my allowance.

ETHEL. Gwen! Why?

GWEN. On Alfred's account.

ETHEL. Why, Alfred's all right, isn't he?

ALFRED. Haven't you heard? The old man's gone up.

ETHEL. Your father?

GWEN. Just as Alfred was going into business with him.

ETHEL. Wilbur! Do you hear that? Mr. Weatherby's ruined.

JENNINGS. *(Speaks this line to ALFRED)* Is he coming to lunch?

JAMES. (*Enter L.I. To WICKHAM. Same bus., walking as they talk*) Sixty rooms altogether—twelve master's baths and a swimming pool.—It is the duty of one man to keep the tables in the Japanese billiard room polished. (*They all look at JAMES and WICKHAM mournfully.*)

ALFRED. Disgusting, isn't it, that one man should have all that?

JENNINGS. When you're not the man.

JAMES. (*His voice rising, crossing over slowly with WICKHAM*) Believe me—what those chickens and ducks has to eat would satisfy an epicure—and they taste accordingly.—Fresh fruits and vegetables from the garden we have in season—and in September—Black Hamburg grapes rotting in the green-houses. (*Strolling off R.I. All eye them as they pass.*)

ALFRED. (*Sighs*) I wish I had a rotten black Hamburg grape right now.

JENNINGS. I think we're all hungry—that's what's the matter. There's a bakery round the corner where they have very good noodle soup—

JAMES. (*His voice rising. Enter R.I., strolling up R. corridor with WICKHAM*) And his clothes—there'll be fifty morning coats—a dozen tweed hunting suits—hundreds of trousers, thousands of shoes.

ETHEL. Who is this overdressed gentleman?

ALFRED. Would he like to have me exercise some of those clothes for him?

(ALEC enters L.I.)

ETHEL. I'm going to ask who they are—— (*To ALEC*) Could you tell me who those gentlemen talking are? It seems to me I know one of them.

ALEC. (c.) Certainly, Madame. The red-faced one is Mr. Wimbledon's butler.

ETHEL. I meant the other one——

"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE" 11

ALEC. He's our house-detective.

ETHEL. (*Shocked*) How awful.—It's not the person I thought at all.

(ALEC *exits* L. *upper*.)

ALFRED. (*Enter* GOSLING L.I) Say, there's a man I can touch for a lunch—— (*All watch eagerly*.)

JENNINGS. Who is it?

ALFRED. Gosling the lawyer—he's taken enough away from my father to make him rich. (*Crosses to* GOSLING L.C.) Good morning, sir.

GOSLING. (L.) Good morning, Alfred.

ALFRED. Waiting for someone?

GOSLING. I have an appointment with Mrs. Leigh and naturally I am waiting.

ALFRED. Annabelle? You don't mean to say she's back?

GOSLING. Where's she been?

ALFRED. To the Fair—didn't she tell you?

GOSLING. No—she never tells me anything. She causes me more trouble than all my other clients put together.

ALFRED. Well—why have any other clients? I wouldn't.

GOSLING. Tut, tut. I tell you the reports of her wealth are greatly exaggerated.

ALFRED. Is that so? Well, tell me, Mr. Gosling—are the reports of your wealth exaggerated, too?

GOSLING. They are—if there *are* any such reports.—Why, my boy—if you were to ask me now to lend you ten dollars—I couldn't do it. (*Bus. all*.)

ALFRED. Could you lend me five?

GOSLING. You make me laugh—always joking. Just like your father. (*Exits* L. *All sigh*.)

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ALFRED. (*To c.*) Who do you think he is waiting for? Annabelle.

ETHEL. Annabelle!

GWENDOLEN. Oh, then she's back!

ALFRED. Why worry about lunch? She'll have us all. Let's order the cocktails. (*They go up stage R. corridor, talking together. Exit into Palm room at back.*)

JAMES. (*Enter JAMES and WICKHAM L.I., reach to c. and stop*) Oh, yes—he'll have as many as a hundred down there. They've their own idea of amusing themselves. They'll fish in the fountain for their own dinner—pull out a goldfish, and when it's served as mackerel they don't know the difference. And Mr. Wimbledon a-lording it over everybody—they flatter him, you know, but I ain't afraid to tell him what I think of him—I ain't any more afraid of him than I am of you, Mr. Wickham. (*Scornfully.*)

(*Enter TITCOMB L.I., speaking to ALEC, who is off stage L.I.*)

TITCOMB. Alec, tell the porter Mr. Wimbledon's luggage's down, will you?

ALEC. (*Off L.I.*) Yes, sir.

JAMES. (*C. TITCOMB goes to JAMES. To TITCOMB*) Did you say Mr. Wimbledon's luggage?

(*Exit WICKHAM L.I. via across back.*)

TITCOMB. Yes.

JAMES. But Mr. Wimbledon's left——

(*About here WIMBLETON comes strolling on down R. corridor.*)

TITCOMB. Oh, no! He left a call for seven

o'clock this morning, but he's been making it an hour later ever since.

JAMES. But then he's missed his train.

WIMBLEDON. (*Intoxicated but elegant—standing just behind him*) James!

JAMES. (C.) Oh, Mr. Wimbledon, sir, did you miss your train, sir?

WIMBLEDON. Who cares for a date with a locomotive? (*Giving bill to JAMES*) I want you to give this bill to the girl who's been waking me up. She's got the sweetest voice. I never heard anything like the way she says "Seven o'clock!" Did she ever say it to you, Titcomb?

TITCOMB. (*Smiling*) Well, no, sir!

JAMES. But where are Ogashi and Gasuki, sir?

WIMBLEDON. (*Laughs*) I guess they're in Buffalo by now. They insisted on taking the train, so I let them take it. I can't be taking trains all night just because a couple of valets want me to.

JAMES. But you've not forgotten you're going West, sir? You were to have left last night, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Yes, but I remembered that I had forgotten something. What was it?

JAMES. I couldn't tell you, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Well, you've got to tell me.

JAMES. I don't know, sir, what it was—but your next train leaves the Grand Central at two forty-five.

WIMBLEDON. I had to do something—and before I did that I had to do something else—

JAMES. I think we'll have to hurry, sir—

WIMBLEDON. You know how much I care what you think, don't you?

JAMES. Yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. What was the last thing I said before I left the house?

JAMES. I wouldn't like to repeat it, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Can't you think?

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JAMES. Would Mr. Spalding know anything, sir?

WIMBLEDON. He never did. Get Spalding on the 'phone.

(Exit JAMES L. TITCOMB approaches WIMBLEDON with an envelope with two stock certificates.)

TITCOMB. (C.L.) Mr. Wimbledon, a messenger boy brought this for you last night.

WIMBLEDON. (C.R.) Why didn't you give it to me?

TITCOMB. (Good-naturedly) Why, I did, sir, but it came back to the office. You left it on the bar.

WIMBLEDON. I guess that's all I left there.

TITCOMB. The boy said it was important, so I thought I'd keep it for you until this morning.

WIMBLEDON. (Examining contents of envelope) Important, important! I should say it was important. Do you remember my father, Titcomb?

TITCOMB. Yes, sir. Oh, yes, I remember old Mr. Wimbledon very well. The last time he was in here, he says to me—"Titcomb——"

WIMBLEDON. (Interrupting) Would you say that I was a bigger man than my father?

TITCOMB. Oh, no, sir. Your father must have weighed two hundred pounds.

WIMBLEDON. (Proudly) I'm a bigger man than my father.

TITCOMB. (Smiling) Oh, no, sir.

WIMBLEDON. (Impressively) Oh, yes. Poor little father tried all his life to get what I've got this minute. (Lurching a little. TITCOMB coughs to conceal a smile) I don't mean this beautiful, exquisite, expensive condition I'm in—I mean what is in this envelope. Two shares of the greatest stock in the world, Titcomb. Will give me control

of property worth millions. Some idiot borrowed seven hundred dollars on it and forgot to pay up. That's all it cost me. Good business,—eh? (*Puts bonds in pocket.*)

TITCOMB. (*Impressed*) Very good, I should say, sir.

WIMBLEDON. They think all I do is to spend money. But I'm making it all the time—just as though I needed it. That's the secret of success, Titcomb.

TITCOMB. Yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Success is the greatest thing in the world—I'll tell you why. Without it, a man is a failure, and I don't know anything worse than a failure—do you?

TITCOMB. No, sir. (*At sound of JAMES's voice exits L.I.*)

JAMES. (*Enter JAMES L.I.*) I couldn't get Mr. Spalding, sir. He'll be back later.

WIMBLEDON. (*Smiles*) Never mind. I've got it in my pocket.

JAMES. What, sir?

WIMBLEDON. The stock from Spalding.

JAMES. I must get you another train.

WIMBLEDON. Yes, get me an assortment of trains.

JAMES. Is your car outside, sir?

WIMBLEDON. Well, I don't see it in here anywhere.

JAMES. I didn't see it waiting. But my car is here, sir. I drove in this morning. I thought if I was successful in finding servants at the bureaus, I could take them out with me.

WIMBLEDON. Oh, yes—don't ever let me see Seraphina again—or that fishy parlor maid.

JAMES. They went, sir, this morning.

WIMBLEDON. And that chauffeur Ronald.

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Never engage anyone again by the name of Ronald.

JAMES. Very good, sir.

WIMBLEDON. And the gardener—that's four—there was one more.

JAMES. The Captain of the Bluebell, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Yes, when you get him, ask him if he knows how to crochet. If he does I don't want him—I don't want him—and don't get a gardener that looks like Bernard Shaw. (*Starting to exit L.I.*)

JAMES. (C.) Very good, sir—the car is out there, sir. (*Points R.*)

WIMBLEDON. But the bar is out here—— (*Exits jauntily L. JAMES exits L.*)

ANNABELLE. (*Entering R.I., sits bench c. Slight pause—she looks R., then C.L. Enter TITCOMB L.I., looking off at WIMBLEDON*) Pardon me!

TITCOMB. Yes, madam. (*Goes to ANNABELLE.*)

ANNABELLE. (*Rises*) Have you seen an elderly gentleman about here who seemed to be looking for someone?

TITCOMB. Why—er—there have been several, but they're gone.

ANNABELLE. I wonder if mine was among them?

TITCOMB. Well, I couldn't say, madam, really. (*Goes L.C.*)

(*Enter ETHEL, followed by ALFRED, GWENDOLEN and JENNINGS from Palm room R. up R.*)

ANNABELLE. I'm so late; it seems as though he ought to be here.

ETHEL. (*TITCOMB exits L.*) It is, it is. (*They happily surround ANNABELLE.*)

ALFRED. How are you, darling?

GWENDOLEN. (*Embracing her*) Oh, dearest!

ANNABELLE. Well, here all you sweet people are—and I thought I was only going to meet a stuffy

old lawyer! (ANNABELLE kisses ETHEL, hugs GWENDOLEN.)

JENNINGS. You don't remember me—Mr. Jennings?

ANNABELLE. Mr. Jennings? Oh—Mr. Jennings. Of course, the poet! (Goes to him. They shake hands.)

JENNINGS. It's awfully kind of you to remember.

ANNABELLE. Who could forget? We sat out a dance in Mrs. Silliman's conservatory last winter—and you recited some of your poems to me—they were beautiful, so long, I don't see how you ever remembered them. Now, children, listen! You must all have luncheon with me. (Bus. Xing L. and looking L.I.) But first I have to see old Mr. Gosling—and tell him how late I am for my appointment—and tell him—several things.

ALFRED. Listen, darling—he's gone, but he'll be right back, if you really want to see him.

ANNABELLE. I really must see him. But you can all disappear into the Palm room and order a beautiful cup with champagne and apricots and everything very juicy and cold—and beautiful flowers—with ferns to make us think we're in the woods—and beautiful clams, to make us think we're at the seashore.

ETHEL. Do let Wilbur arrange the flowers, Annabelle—he's wonderful with flowers.

ANNABELLE. Wilbur shall do that. (To JENNINGS) Tell the florist they're for me and that it's all right. (To ALFRED) And I think I'd better see Mr. Gosling alone— (Sits on seat C. JENNINGS exits into florists', R.I., the rest into the Palm room R. up.)

GOSLING. (Enter L. Seeing ANNABELLE, goes to her) Ah—here you are.

ANNABELLE. Hello, Mr. Gosling.

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GOSLING. You were late as usual. Well, what's the trouble?

ANNABELLE. (*Lightly*) There isn't any. I want some money.

GOSLING. Oh, that's it——

ANNABELLE. Of course, it's always it, isn't it?

GOSLING. Well, my dear Annabelle—you've already had your allowance for this quarter.

ANNABELLE. And I've already spent it. I've been to the Fair and brought most of it back with me.

GOSLING. You should have let me know where you were. I wanted to see you about something important. The Butte Bank and Security Company sent for the two shares of stock that you hold.

ANNABELLE. Did they? But Mr. Gosling—you know I wasn't to give that stock up to anyone—except my husband.

GOSLING. Well—he sent for it through the Bank. But my idea is not to let him have it—I want you to let me take it—and make a lot of money for you——

ANNABELLE. Well, I couldn't let you have it just now, anyway——

GOSLING. Why not?

ANNABELLE. Well, you see, I let someone take it.

GOSLING. What!

ANNABELLE. Just temporarily—and borrow seven hundred dollars for me.

GOSLING. What—you've hypothecated it?

ANNABELLE. (*Rising indignantly*) Mr. Gosling!

GOSLING. Do you know what the word means?

ANNABELLE. (*Sitting*) No—the sound is enough.

GOSLING. Who did you give it to?

ANNABELLE. I gave it to a man I met through the Sillimans. He's a very well known banker——

with light whiskers. You'd know him if I could think of his name.

GOSLING. What! You gave it to someone you don't even know?

ANNABELLE. (*Looking in box*) Of course I know him. He's in here somewhere. Here he is. (*Taking out card.*)

GOSLING. Lemuel Spalding—the broker. He must—have bought it—for someone—I'll phone him.

ANNABELLE. Mr. Gosling—I won't do anything with that stock that my husband would not approve of.

GOSLING. Do you think he would approve of what you *have* done?

ANNABELLE. Of course—he'll never know it. But why all this fuss over two little foolish shares of stock?

GOSLING. Two little foolish shares of stock sometimes mean millions, my dear. Sometimes they mean the control of the property.

ANNABELLE. Well, I don't think mine mean anything like that—they were just given to me, so that my husband would always know where I was—and be able to avoid the place.

GOSLING. But that was seven years ago—the whole situation has changed since then.

ANNABELLE. Well, I couldn't let you have it, anyway—after all, I receive my income from the man who sent for it—

GOSLING. And Annabelle, I must tell you, that your receiving your income from him is to me a very terrible thing.

ANNABELLE. Yes, but not receiving it would be worse.

GOSLING. I know nothing of him. Your money reaches me through his agents—that's his wish—

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but I feel I should warn you—— You think your allowance will go on forever?

ANNABELLE. I don't—I can't make it go on through the month.

GOSLING. Annabelle—don't you know that you need a protector?

ANNABELLE. No, I only know that I need five hundred dollars, and then two hundred and fifty more, and the seven hundred for the stock, of course——

GOSLING. Anything else?

ANNABELLE. Yes—I'd like to pay the fruit man. For I wouldn't accept such quantities of Japanese plums from anyone unless there was something serious between us—and I've never even seen the fruit man.

GOSLING. Well, all I can say is that unless you will let me handle your business in my own way—I cannot let you have one cent until your allowance is due.

ANNABELLE. (*Rises*) That's three months.

GOSLING. Yes. Now when can I have a long talk with you?

ANNABELLE. In three months. (*GWENDOLEN and ETHEL enter up R. from Palm room—come down R. ANNABELLE is attracted by their entrance*) Oh, Mr. Gosling—a happy thought! Wouldn't you like to give a little lunch party for me? You know Miss Morley—and Ethel Deane—the great artist whose portrait of a pineapple made such a sensation in the Spring Exhibition?

GOSLING. No, you must excuse me—I must get Spaulding if I can—Friday, he's probably out of town. (*Exit GOSLING L.*)

ANNABELLE. Everybody's out of town. I've telephoned to them and I know. (*Crosses R. to girls*) I don't understand why you darlings are here.

(Enter WICKHAM L.I., listens to conversation which follows without making it apparent to them.)

GWENDOLEN. My dear, fearful ructions with father. If you hadn't come I don't know what I should have done. Can I stay with you for a little while, Annabelle?

ANNABELLE. I should say you could.

GWENDOLEN. Where are you going to be, dear?

ANNABELLE. I don't know. When I got to the Hathmore—you know I've stopped there for years—I found that they had rented my rooms. It seems that the check I sent from the Fair was protested.

(WICKHAM L., glares quickly over shoulder at them, at word protested.)

ETHEL. Annabelle!

ANNABELLE. Banks are so irritable at times.

ETHEL. But dear, if a check is protested that means you haven't any more money in the bank.

ANNABELLE. That's ridiculous. I've put far more in than I've ever taken out.

ETHEL. But don't you keep your account checked up?

ANNABELLE. No, it doesn't make it any more to do that. I just have a general idea about it.

ETHEL. Oh, Annabelle!

(WICKHAM strolls up L. corridor and remains listening.)

ANNABELLE. So what I was going to say was, they haven't another suite in the Hathmore and I shall have to move. . . . I rather like it here—don't you?

ETHEL. Yes, but it's awfully expensive.

ANNABELLE. Well, I really like to pay hotel

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bills. They're always so pleased when you do. Yes—I shall ask about rooms here—(TITCOMB enters L.)—and I may as well do it now. (Turns to TITCOMB) Where can I find out about rooms?

TITCOMB. Why, I can tell you.

ANNABELLE. Have you a suite, with plenty of air, facing some way that you just get the sun when you want it?

TITCOMB. I think so. How many rooms did you want?

ANNABELLE. Well, a parlor, two bedrooms and bath would do, and I like a private hall, don't you? For wet umbrellas. (To ETHEL.)

TITCOMB. Very well, Madam—I'll see what we can do. What is the name?

ANNABELLE. Annabelle Leigh—Mrs. Leigh. (Goes to girls) Thank goodness, that's settled. A nice house for Gwennie and me.

(ALL start for Palm room up R. As TITCOMB goes, WICKHAM stops him.)

WICKHAM. Before you give her the rooms, call up the Hathmore and find out about her.

(Exit TITCOMB, followed by WICKHAM L.I. JENNINGS enters R.I. nervously, stops ANNABELLE R., who is last.)

JENNINGS. Mrs. Leigh—I'm so sorry, it's horrible, perfectly ridiculous.

ANNABELLE. (L. of him) I think so, too, what is it?

JENNINGS. The man says he must have the money for the flowers now.

ANNABELLE. Now? I never heard of such a thing. He should be glad to get it then.

JENNINGS. He says they never charge things to people who just come in from the street.

ANNABELLE. Where does he expect them to come from?

JENNINGS. I'm so sorry——

ANNABELLE. Well, don't be sorry. Tell him you've seen about it and it's all right. And to have gardenias at each gentleman's place and white orchids for the ladies.

JENNINGS. (*Nervously*) Do you think that will——

ANNABELLE. I know it will—try it. (*JENNINGS starts off R.I. ANNABELLE is thoughtful*) But it might not. Mr. Jennings, just a moment. (*She slips ring off her finger. JENNINGS comes back*) Do you know anything about getting money on things?

JENNINGS. Well, I haven't been a shining success at it myself.

ANNABELLE. (*Showing him the ring*) I mean on things like this——

READY MUSIC R.U.

JENNINGS. Oh, you mean——

ANNABELLE. Yes, that's what I mean—I understand there are people who do it—this friend of mine is very timid and she doesn't like to do it herself—in fact, she doesn't know how—or even where they are—so I told her I would do it for her—and now I realize that *I* don't know anything about it.

JENNINGS. Well—I can tell you all about it, as far as that's concerned, but—does she have to do it?

ANNABELLE. Oh, no—she just thought she'd like to. She's a woman who likes to try everything.

JENNINGS. Can't you advise her not to? Somehow it's a thing—that if you once do—I don't know

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—it's an active start in the wrong direction—surely if she has you for a friend——

ANNABELLE. You mean lend it to her—I could do that, of course.

JENNINGS. I know there are some people one can't lend to—I mean—there'd be no end to it——

ANNABELLE. Oh, Katie's not like that—oh, no—it was just that she'd heard so much about this she thought she'd like to try it—but I'll tell her what you say—— (JENNINGS *starts off* R.I.) Oh, Mr. Jennings. What time is it? (JENNINGS *fusses nervously with his watch chain. She knows it has been pawned*) Oh, never mind— isn't it awful? (JENNINGS *peers at clock off* L.)

JENNINGS. It's just two-thirty——

ANNABELLE. Thank you so much. My watch is always wrong, too.

JENNINGS. (*Whimsically*) Mine is in wrong, Mrs. Leigh. (*Exits* R.I.)

ANNABELLE. Poor Mr. Jennings—I must lend him some money, the minute I get some myself.

JAMES. (*To* WICKHAM. *Entering* L.I., *going up* L. corridor) You heard about his sunken-garden—he put a fortune in that.

MUSIC R.U.

(*Music cue, "Other Eyes."* Enter ALEC L.I.)

ANNABELLE. (X.C. *To* ALEC) Who is it that's sunk a fortune in his garden?

ALEC. (L.C.) Mr. Wimbleton, but there's a gentleman, got twice his money, just come in—see him? He's the Montana millionaire mine owner. He owns the Baby Mine. They only take out fifty thousand dollars a day.

ANNABELLE. (*Glancing at* RAWSON, *over her shoulder*) Good gracious! (*Sits* c.)

ALEC. (L.C.) I guess he's looking for me—he's

awful lonely. (*Crosses to L., looking off at RAWSON.*)

ANNABELLE. Fifty thousand dollars a day and he's lonely!

RAWSON. (*Enter L.I. To ALEC L.*) Well—it's too hot here in town for me, I've got to get away. Are you going with me?

ALEC. I'd like to, sir—I think maybe you could fix it up with Mr. Titcomb to let me off for a week or so.

RAWSON. We'll get a machine—for days I must be in town—but nights I have to breathe real air—where shall we go?

JAMES. (*Strolling in L.U. corridor from Palm room with WICKHAM L.I.*) Then the fishing is fine—30-pound bass we get right off the rocks at the foot of the lawn. (*Exits L.I. with WICKHAM.*)

RAWSON. That's what I like—fishing. (*Sees ANNABELLE*) Find out what place it is they're talking about.

ALEC. I think I know, sir. (*Goes L.*)

RAWSON. (*Detains ALEC on his R.*) Wait—that lady you were speaking to—is she staying here in the hotel?

ALEC. No, sir—I think she just came in to meet someone.

RAWSON. I want to speak to her——

ALEC. (*Hesitates*) I don't think it would do, sir—you see it's different here from out West where you was telling about.

RAWSON. But you don't understand. I think I know the lady.

ALEC. Oh—maybe you've made a mistake, sir—she didn't seem to know you.

RAWSON. No—she's forgotten me.

ALEC. (*Sympathetically*) Yes, sir—ladies are forgetful, too, sometimes, ain't they, sir? (*Exits L.*)

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RAWSON *goes and exits R. Rather eyes ANNABELLE as he passes.*)

ANNABELLE. It would be a comfort just to speak to anyone with fifty thousand dollars a day.

(RAWSON *enters R., hesitates, goes to L.C., stops, then turns.*)

RAWSON. Excuse me—won't you?

ANNABELLE. Certainly—what for?

RAWSON. I thought——

ANNABELLE. That I was someone else? No, no, I wish I were—but I'm not.

RAWSON. (*Smiling. Looking at her almost tenderly*) My name is Rawson—John Rawson. I'm from Montana—from the mines out there.

ANNABELLE. (*Smiling up at him*) That must be very nice—the Baby Mine especially.

RAWSON. (*Softly, watching her*) You know me?

ANNABELLE. I heard the name of your mine—yes—and I liked it. It shows you're fond of children.

RAWSON. Then there's the Clara, the Janie, the Minnie, the Laura——

ANNABELLE. All girls——

RAWSON. And the Annabelle.

ANNABELLE. That's me. (*Fluttering. Rises*) Good gracious! I must go.—Excuse me, won't you? I wish I could meet you, but there's no one to introduce us. Never mind, let's—let's pretend we've met before, shall we? I'll tell you why. Someone I know is coming and I couldn't be talking to you if I didn't know you, could I?

RAWSON. Out there we talk to whoever we please.

(*Enter GOSLING L.I.*)

ANNABELLE. In here we don't. (*As GOSLING comes up*) Mr. Gosling, Mr. Rawson.

GOSLING. Ah, Mr. Rawson—delighted. (*To ANNABELLE*) I didn't know you had met Mr. Rawson.

ANNABELLE. I didn't either. I mean meeting him here was—most unexpected. (*To RAWSON*) Mr. Gosling is my lawyer.

GOSLING. (*To ANNABELLE*) You—er—you met Mr. Rawson at the Fair?

ANNABELLE. No, no—you didn't know I'd been to the Fair, did you?

RAWSON. (*Amused*) Why, no, it's a surprise to me.

GOSLING. (*Grimly*) It was a surprise to me.

ANNABELLE. It was a surprise to me—yes—really—for I never expected to go West again—I said I never would——

RAWSON. Oh, you had been out there?

ANNABELLE. Once a long time ago——

RAWSON. You didn't like it?

ANNABELLE. Mr. Rawson, you wouldn't think that one man could ruin a whole country for a woman, but that was what happened to me.—For years the whole West has just meant—one terrible man that I would cross worlds to be away from—I must go—I'm giving a luncheon. (*Looking reproachfully at GOSLING.*)

GOSLING. I'll see you later—I shall be here—I have an appointment with Mr. Murchison.

ANNABELLE. (*Delighted, goes to him*) Not Harry Murchison—dear old Harry?—Then my troubles are over.

GOSLING. Are they? Well, his aren't. Do you know that his wife is getting a divorce?

ANNABELLE. Well—then let us say that his troubles are nearly over. Dear old Harry—everybody loves Harry but Mr. Gosling—you'd love him, Mr. Rawson.

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RAWSON. Would I?

ANNABELLE. Yes—that is, I think you would—he'd do anything for anybody. He's such a fool—dear old Harry—probably you are, if I knew you better, Mr. Rawson, I hope you understand me—I hope we'll meet again.

MUSIC STOP

RAWSON. Oh, we will.

(Exit ANNABELLE to Palm room up R. RAWSON follows over a little—looks after her.)

GOSLING. Mr. Rawson, I'm delighted to have an opportunity of speaking to you. Won't you sit down? *(They sit c.)* As a mining man who understands the situation—what is this Lone Claim stock up to, do you think?

RAWSON. I think it's up to six hundred.

GOSLING. I mean what's it going to do? As a friend of Mrs. Leigh's, I'm asking. She has two shares of this stock.

RAWSON. She has them—has she?

GOSLING. Yes—that is—well, yes. Now someone has sent for it—but I am advising her not to give it up.—Don't you think I'm right?

RAWSON. Well, that depends. Is she interested in the person who sent for it?

GOSLING. No. It's her husband.

RAWSON. Oh!

GOSLING. A very sad case, Mr. Rawson. He's the man she spoke of, who ruined the entire world for her.

RAWSON. I thought it was just the West.

GOSLING. Maybe you know a man in Montana they call the Hermit?

RAWSON. Well, yes—I used to know him.

GOSLING. That's the man. He was nameless, penniless. He made his mark on the marriage con-

tract. He had no name to give her. Why, it was a clear case of kidnapping.

RAWSON. It sounds pretty bad, unless he had some excuse, some reason that you don't know of!

GOSLING. Excuse—reason, for a big, bearded bandit entering a man's house and carrying off a child of sixteen—what excuse can there be?

RAWSON. Her father died, of course, protecting her.

GOSLING. (*Hesitating*) Well, no, he was a sick man at the time. (RAWSON *smiles a little*.)

RAWSON. But she escaped from this terrible creature?

GOSLING. Yes—she did.

RAWSON. I don't see how she escaped from a man like that, unless he let her go.

GOSLING. Well—I don't know all the particulars. I only know that a great outrage was perpetrated without the man ever having to pay for it.

RAWSON. But he's been paying for it ever since!

GOSLING. Yes, he made a fortune in some way. (*Enter JAMES L.I.*) He does support her, and it takes a fortune to do that.

JAMES. (L.C.) Excuse me. Did you wish to speak to me, sir?

GOSLING. (RAWSON and GOSLING rise) I'm delighted to have met you—Mr. Rawson—but you haven't told me anything that I want to know.

RAWSON. Did you notice that?

GOSLING. Yes, I did—well, perhaps later. (*Exits L.I.*)

JAMES. (L.C.) Did you want to ask something about Rock Point, sir?

RAWSON. That place where the fishing is so fine—yes.

JAMES. Mr. Wimbledon owns the place, sir. Mr. George Wimbledon.

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RAWSON. Oh, it's Mr. Wimbleton's place—is he down here?

JAMES. No, sir, he's just gone out West. Do you know Mr. Wimbleton?

RAWSON. Not this one, no. I knew his father.

JAMES. Oh, yes—young Mr. Wimbleton is very different from his father.

RAWSON. (*Thoughtfully*) Is he? That's good!

JAMES. He's got a very fine place down there, sir—in fact, there's nothing but fine places there—it's what you might call the cream of Long Island.

RAWSON. I don't care so much about cream—but I was interested in the fish.

JAMES. Oh, yes, sir, if anyone cares for fishing; no waiting for tides—the fish are always hungry—all you've got to do is *cast*.

RAWSON. Maybe it's just as well if you don't tell me any more about that place. I don't suppose Mr. Wimbleton wants to sell? (*Crosses JAMES and exits L.I.*)

JAMES. Well, hardly, sir.—Haw—haw—— (*Exits after RAWSON L.I.*)

(*Enter MURCHISON R.I.*)

MURCHISON. (*x.c. To ALEC entering L.*) Page Mr. Gosling, please—and tell him Mr. Murchison is here.

ALEC. (*L.C.*) There is a lady wants to see you, Mr. Murchison.

MURCHISON. A lady?

ALEC. Yes, sir. She's in the Palm room, having lunch.

MURCHISON. I'll go right in.

ALEC. I was to let her know, sir——

MURCHISON. Oh, very well——

(*Exit ALEC R.C. to Palm Room—MURCHISON paces*)

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up and down nervously L.C. *Enter ANNABELLE*
R.C. *from Palm Room—meet c.)*

ANNABELLE. (C.) Harry!

MURCHISON. (L.C. *Overjoyed, seeing her*) Annabelle! Well, this is too good to be true.

ANNABELLE. (C.) How is everything, Harry?

MURCHISON. Everything's beautiful, wonderful, now that I see you.

ANNABELLE. Well, do you know that you are doing a beautiful, wonderful thing?

MURCHISON. Well, I'm glad. What is it?

ANNABELLE. You are giving a luncheon in the Palm Room in my honor!

MURCHISON. (*Staggered*) I am?

ANNABELLE. Yes.

MURCHISON. Are we alone?

ANNABELLE. Oh, no. Delightful people are to be present. In fact, they are present.

MURCHISON. They are?

ANNABELLE. Maybe you don't want to have us to lunch—— (*Seeing MURCHISON hesitate.*)

MURCHISON. Oh, perfectly charmed—delighted, Annabelle, of course, but there's one little difficulty. I'm stranded here without a cent. Ada, well, you won't believe me when I tell you what she's done.

ANNABELLE. I know—she's suing for a divorce.

MURCHISON. That's not the worst. She's attached my bank account.

ANNABELLE. Good gracious—well—there are all sorts of attachments between married people, aren't there, Harry? (*She looks thoughtful.*)

MURCHISON. (*Hesitates*) Is it quite a lunch, Annabelle?

ANNABELLE. Yes, but don't bother about it, Harry.

MURCHISON. Why, my dear, I'm perfectly delighted. I was only going to say that if it was just

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a little lunch, I have five dollars, but that's ridiculous.

ANNABELLE. Yes, perfectly ridiculous. . . .
Lend it to me, Harry.

MURCHISON. Why, certainly. (*Gives her bill.*)

ANNABELLE. I haven't any change——

MURCHISON. I have an appointment with Gosling. He'll probably make everything all right.

(*Enter JENNINGS R.I. with three orchids.*)

JENNINGS. Er—Mrs. Leigh.

ANNABELLE. Yes. Oh, it's Mr. Jennings. I want you and Mr. Murchison to meet.

(*The gentlemen shake hands. JENNINGS to MURCHISON.*)

JENNINGS. (*To ANNABELLE*) The flower man has found the orchids.

ANNABELLE. Are they nice ones?

JENNINGS. They ought to be—\$5.00 apiece. You'll pardon my speaking of it.

ANNABELLE. How beautiful! (*Taking one.*)

MURCHISON. (L.C.) But \$5 apiece!

ANNABELLE. Is there any comparison between this and this? (*Holding orchid in one hand and bill in the other*) Leave this one with me and take the rest to my table. (*Gives the bill.*) Pay him for this one, Mr. Jennings. Thank you.

(*Exit JENNINGS R.I. Rather amused at MURCHISON. ANNABELLE crosses a little R. Enter GOSLING L.I.*)

GOSLING. (*Going to MURCHISON*) How are you, Mr. Muchison—— (*To ANNABELLE*) Well, I

found out from Spalding about your stock. George Wimbledon's got it.

ANNABELLE. Oh, well, if you know who has it, we can get it.

GOSLING. Can we? That may not be so easy. I doubt if I can even see him.

ANNABELLE. (R.C.) Well, I'll see him.

GOSLING. (C.) You! He's the hardest man in New York to see. I'm trying now to get him on the phone at Rock Point. Well, Mr. Murchison. (*Turns to MURCHISON L.C.*)

MURCHISON. (L.C.) Before we say another word, Gosling, I want you to let me have a thousand dollars.

GOSLING. Well, I guess that's the end of our conversation, Murchison. (X.L.)

MURCHISON. What do you mean? I'll tell you my position, Gosling—she has attached everything I've got so that I'm here in the city without a cent, and I want you to see her and tell her what the attitude of a decent woman would be under the circumstances.

GOSLING. (L.) Mr. Murchison, I consider your wife a lovely woman—and I have no doubt that you are to blame. I won't take the case and—I am astounded that a man of your wealth should begrudge your wife a living wage. (*Exit GOSLING L.I.*)

MURCHISON. (L.C.) Well, what do you think of that?

ANNABELLE. (R.C. to C.) Go to my table, Harry, and drink a glass of champagne.

MURCHISON. What's the use? The effect wears right off. (X.R.)

(*Enter TITCOMB L.I. Stops at seeing MURCHISON.*)

ANNABELLE. (C.) Then drink another.

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MURCHISON. Excuse me, Annabelle, for spoiling your party. I must phone Ada's lawyers. (*Exits R.I.*)

(*TITCOMB approaches ANNABELLE C.*)

TITCOMB. Pardon me, Madam——

ANNABELLE. Oh—is it about the suite?

TITCOMB. Yes—I—er—I'm afraid we won't—we won't be able to accommodate you——

ANNABELLE. Oh, but you must—I've sent for my dog and everything.

TITCOMB. Well—we don't allow dogs, anyway.

ANNABELLE. Oh—don't you? They're so much pleasanter than most people.

TITCOMB. I find on inquiring that we haven't the suite I was thinking of.

ANNABELLE. Oh—haven't you? Well—then I'll have another one.

TITCOMB. (*Uneasy*) I'm very sorry.

ANNABELLE. But you must have plenty of them at this time of the year. . . . Please explain. I know you're keeping something from me.

TITCOMB. Well, Madam, really, if you insist—I will. It seems—we learn from the Hathmore that there was some trouble about a check.

ANNABELLE. (*Surprised*) But how did you hear that?

TITCOMB. We inquired.

ANNABELLE. Oh, and do you always find out about people?

TITCOMB. We try to.

ANNABELLE. I see. Well, I don't think I'd like it here, then, anyway—I don't like a noisy—hotel—

TITCOMB. Very well, Madam. (*Exit TITCOMB L. up hall, rather anxious to get away.*)

ANNABELLE. Why, I haven't any place to go. (*She goes to seat c. and stands for a moment. Sits*

on seat) And no money for three months. I can't pay for the lunch until the 16th of October. They can never eat that long. (*ANNABELLE hesitates, then is seized with an idea. ALEC enters L.I., comes to L. corridor, starts up L.*) Boy, page Mr. Rawson.

ALEC. He's right here, Madam. (*Exits L.I. Going back of RAWSON.*)

RAWSON. (*Enters L.I. to her*) Excuse me—did you send for me?

ANNABELLE. I did. (*Motioning him to sit down c. He does so*) Mr. Rawson, I wanted to ask you something. You know, you seem to me to be a man who without understanding might understand so much. In a situation, I mean—well, like mine, for instance—Mr. Rawson, do you know Watt's picture of Hope? I mean have you seen it? The original? (*He shakes his head no, looking at her with deep interest*) Well, you wonder why she does. For there the woman sits, on a world, a large ball in space, with a bandage over her eyes, playing on a broken harp. Oh, more than broken, but there is a single string, yes, she has that, just a little bit of string, and in the sky there is a tiny, oh, the smallest imaginable star. What I was going to say was, will you—will you have lunch with me?

RAWSON. I'm sorry, but I can't. (*Bus. away*) I would have been glad to, but I can't.

ANNABELLE. Oh! (*Sadly*) If I had asked you before, you would?

RAWSON. Gladly, but why should you want me? You have artists, poets, and all friends. . . . While I am only a stranger.

ANNABELLE. I don't know, but it seemed to me you would supply something the rest of us lack—

RAWSON. Really? What is that?

ANNABELLE. Success.

RAWSON. Oh, but I'm not a success.

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ANNABELLE. Fifty thousand dollars a day.

RAWSON. That isn't success. I failed in the most important thing I ever had to do—fifty thousand dollars a day isn't happiness. It isn't success.

ANNABELLE. Perhaps not. It seems like a very good beginning. Mr. Rawson, do you think that a woman—has the same right to ask a thing of a man, that if she were a man, she would feel that she could?

RAWSON. (*Puzzled*) Do you mean, do I believe in votes for women?

ANNABELLE. No, I didn't, but, of course, that would be part of it—free speech and the vote would make women less timid, I suppose.

RAWSON. It doesn't seem to. They have it in the West, where I come from.

ANNABELLE. (*Aside*) Oh, dear, here we are talking politics, and I'm really hungry. . . .

RAWSON. Oh! I mustn't keep you. (*Getting up.*)

ANNABELLE. (*Desperately*) No, please, don't— (*RAWSON sits*) I haven't told you what I wanted to. I want something done for me, Mr. Rawson—it's perfectly absurd—but I do—

RAWSON. (*Eagerly*) Tell me what it is—

ANNABELLE. I can't—that is, I will—I need—I want you, just for to-day.

RAWSON. Yes.

ANNABELLE. (*Waving the orchid, nervously unable to say what she intended to*) Wear this flower. (*RAWSON takes flower*) I know it seems foolish, I don't know why I ask you—I wouldn't do it if I were you—it'll look ridiculous.

RAWSON. (*Rising and starting for Palm Room up L.—assisting ANNABELLE, who protests, but anxiously goes*) I will—I will wear it, and I will have lunch with you.

ANNABELLE. Oh, no, please don't.

RAWSON. I will. . . . Nothing, not even you, shall stop me. (*They exit up R.L. to Palm Room.*)

(*Enter GWENDOLEN up R. from Palm Room, sits L. end of bench R., agitated. Takes out mirror and hankkerchief from vanity case and weeps a little carefully. Enter ALFRED up R. hurriedly. Sits R. beside GWENDOLEN.*)

ALFRED. Don't be silly, Gwen, you'll break up the whole party.—Jennings didn't mean you.

GWENDOLEN. He did, he said I was a parachute.

ALFRED. *Parasite.* But he didn't say that—he said *some* girls were.

GWENDOLEN. Girls that don't do anything, well, that's me. I'm not good for anything but to spend your money.

ALFRED. Well, if you can find any to spend, you'll help me more than you could any other way.

(*Enter JENNINGS and ETHEL from Palm Room up R. ALFRED rises.*)

ETHEL. My dear girl, I knew you didn't want to powder your nose. (*GWENDOLEN rises, goes L.C. To JENNINGS*) Now you see what you've done, why do you say such things?

JENNINGS. (*Going to GWENDOLEN L.*) But my dear Miss Morley, I was only speaking of the fat, idle rich. You find them, in limousines—like mushrooms under glass, nothing like you at all.

GWENDOLEN. (*L.C.*) I am idle and my father is rich, and I shall probably be fat in time, but it doesn't matter. I'm very silly, I know. I shouldn't have minded, but I did.

ETHEL. Come, children, Annabelle doesn't know what's the matter.

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ALFRED. I don't think she even noticed that we left. (*They exchange glances.*)

ETHEL. It's quite a case, isn't it?

ALFRED. With Rawson? It's a prairie fire.

JENNINGS. But I like it that you did mind. It shows what a dear you are. I don't know when I've seen anyone that impressed me—so as altogether—jolly.

GWENDOLEN. (*L.C. Powders her nose*) Does it look very pink?

JENNINGS. It looks perfectly beautiful. (*They start out to Palm Room R. ETHEL, ALFRED and GWENDOLEN exit up R.*)

(*Enter MURCHISON, disturbed, R.I. Detains JENNINGS, who follows last with GWENDOLEN*)

MURCHISON. Jennings—just a moment.

JENNINGS. (*To GWENDOLEN, at her L. Excuse me. GWENDOLEN exits up R.*)

MURCHISON. Is Mrs. Leigh still in the Palm room?

JENNINGS. Why, yes—she was when I left.

MURCHISON. Do you think you could get her to come out for a moment?

JENNINGS. I suppose so.

MURCHISON. It's very important. I'm in a great trouble, Jennings.

JENNINGS. We all are. (*Goes back of him, exits up R. to Palm Room.*)

(*MURCHISON goes L.C., paces up and down nervously. Enter ANNABELLE up R. Meet C.*)

ANNABELLE. What is it, Harry? (*To C.*)

MURCHISON. (*Hurriedly going to her*) Anna-belle—I've just had Ada's lawyers on the phone. I hardly know how to tell you this—maybe it would

be better to wait and let you read it in the newspaper.

ANNABELLE. Good gracious, Harry—what is it?

MURCHISON. Ada has named you as co-respondent.

ANNABELLE. Named me? Good gracious!
(*Sinks into bench c.*)

MURCHISON. (*Sits L. of her*) It's terrible—I could kill her.

ANNABELLE. You should have thought of that before, Harry.

MURCHISON. I suppose it was our being at the Fair together.

ANNABELLE. But we weren't alone at the fair.

MURCHISON. No—but don't you remember that day you came to see me at the Hotel—you came to my rooms. I think she had us watched, Annabelle.

ANNABELLE. Well—if she had us watched we're all right.

MURCHISON. Oh, it's on your account that I feel so furious, you dear, sweet little—

ANNABELLE. Harry! Remember—you promised never to speak to me in that tone of voice.

MURCHISON. I can't help it—when I think of what you've got to go through.

ANNABELLE. What will they do to me, Harry?

MURCHISON. Oh, good Lord—I don't know.

ANNABELLE. Good gracious, will it be as bad as that?

MURCHISON. (*Rises*) If you could only get away before they do anything.

ANNABELLE. Get away? Can they stop me?

MURCHISON. They'll serve you with papers.

ANNABELLE. Well, I wouldn't mind that, would I?

MURCHISON. Then you'd have to appear, you know—dragged through the courts.

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ANNABELLE. (*Nervous but brave*) Dragged through the courts, Harry?

MURCHISON. And on my account. And all for nothing. If there was anything in it—I'd stand up and take my medicine like a man.

ANNABELLE. Yes, but I'm not a man—who'd take mine?

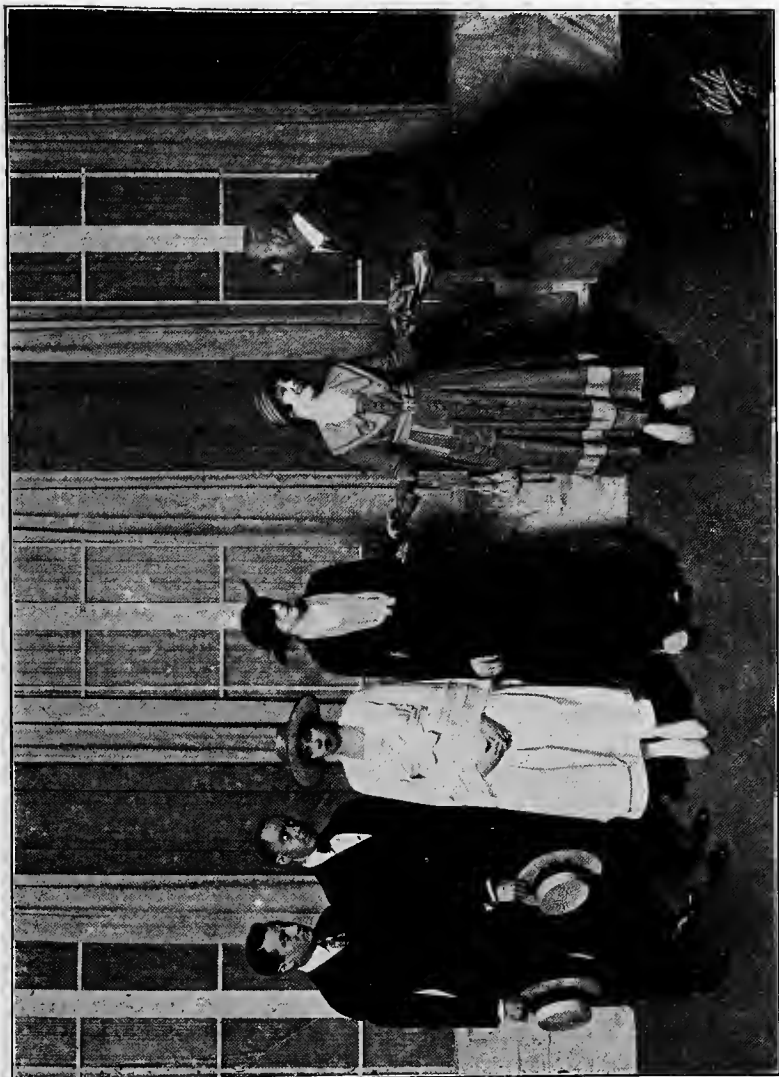
MURCHISON. You've got to go away from here—as soon as they find you're in town they'll have a flock of process-servers after you—I know Ada. (*Goes R.*) I'll find some place for you.—You've got to get away. (*Exit MURCHISON R.I.*)

ANNABELLE. (*In a daze*) This is awful. I'm just a homeless, penniless co-respondent. I've got to get away! (*Rises*) I've got to get away!

(*Enter JAMES. WICKHAM, follows L.I. Comes to halt L.*)

JAMES. (*L.*) Well, I've Mr. Wimbledon's orders to carry out—I must be getting along to the bureaus, Mr. Wickham.—I've the gardener, the chauffeur, parlor maid, cook and cook's helper to replace. Seraphina was a great cook. It ain't likely we'll get another like her. A liberal provider. There's been times when she's served herself three broilers at one sitting, Mr. Wickham, and for mushrooms and young onions she'd her own private basket—why, the peas hardly had a chance to fill out before she'd be craunching of them, and sometimes she'd eat pods and all. Ah, yes, she was a hearty eater was Seraphina, but I am myself. And a good cook is usually a good eater. You must come down, Wickham. The cream and the vegetables, the fruit, a little country would do you good. Come down to-morrow, if you can get away.

WICKHAM. All right, Mr. Ludgate. Perhaps I will. (*Exits L.I.*)



ANNABELLE. (C. JAMES X.R. of ANNABELLE before she detains him. She goes down c.) Excuse me—I overheard your conversation, Mr.—

JAMES. (R.C.) Mr. Ludgate, Madam—gentleman's gentleman to Mr. Wimbledon.

ANNABELLE. Mr. Ludgate—yes—I understand that you are looking for an artiste de la cuisine—

JAMES. A what, Madam?

ANNABELLE. A cook!

JAMES. (*Relieved*) Oh, yes, Madam—I am.—It's for Mr. Wimbledon's place at Rock Point, Long Island—

ANNABELLE. How many are there in the family?

JAMES. Well, Madam, Mr. Wimbledon is all the family there is—and he's nearly always away.

ANNABELLE. (C.) That would be satisfactory. What are the living accommodations?

JAMES. (R.C.) The very best, Madam. Sleeping-room to herself and bath, and when there is nobody there, cook gets up when she feels like it. The undercook prepares the cook's breakfasts, assisted, of course, by cook's helper—

ANNABELLE. Perfectly satisfactory.

JAMES. Madam perhaps has a cook she wishes to place?

ANNABELLE. Perhaps.

JAMES. The cook you have reference to has had experience; she's a finished cook?

ANNABELLE. (C.) Oh, yes—she is.

JAMES. (R.C.) What wages?

ANNABELLE. Well—what wages?

JAMES. We've been paying a hundred a month.

ANNABELLE. That will do—I'll take the place.

JAMES. (*Looks her over*) You? But you ain't a cook.

ANNABELLE. How dare you insult me?

JAMES. I beg your pardon—but anyone—anyone would say you was a lady.

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ANNABELLE. If the two are incompatible—I am not.—Tell me, have you had a cook whose Asperge Espagnole was a dream? Whose cherry mousse was a poem—whose Shetland pudding was a romance, I ask you—have you?

JAMES. We ain't never had no Shetland pudding.

ANNABELLE. Then you ain't never had no regular cook, Mr. Ludgate. Listen, did you ever serve a cup for which was required an apricot chilled in brandy in each glass—a few crushed mint leaves—a dash of maraschino—plenty of crushed ice—Sauterne chilled in a bowl in which candied violets have been standing for an hour—well-shaken and served with velvet cakes?

JAMES. Velvet cakes?

ANNABELLE. You know velvet cakes——

JAMES. Never knew none.

ANNABELLE. (*Surprised*) Oh, dear——

JAMES. (*Eagerly*) When will we expect you down?

ANNABELLE. The sooner the better—right away—and I shall require sixty dollars in advance, or perhaps we had better make it seventy-five.

JAMES. I can arrange that—you want it before you leave?

ANNABELLE. Yes.

JAMES. I can take you down in the car, if you wish.

ANNABELLE. What kind of a car?

JAMES. It's a Fiat.

ANNABELLE. Perfectly satisfactory.

JAMES. We'll start as soon as I've been to the bureaus—I've other servants to replace. A gardener—chauffeur—cook's helper—parlor maid. I'll be back at five. (*Starts L.I.*)

ANNABELLE. (*To c.*) Wait a moment—I know an excellent gardener—a—fine chauffeur—a willing

cook's helper—and a most attractive parlor maid.

MAID. Where can I see them?

ANNABELLE. You can see them now. I'm having them to lunch in the Palm Room. Just a minute. (*Starts up to Palm Room R., but is stopped by RAWSON'S entrance from Palm Room, who enters up R.*)

JAMES. Lunch in the Palm Room—velvet cakes. My Word! (*Walks away. Exits L.I.*)

RAWSON. (*Goes down*) Is anything the matter?

ANNABELLE. No—that is—I'm leaving town immediately, Mr. Rawson. I've been called away unexpectedly. I wonder if you'd do something for me?

RAWSON. (*Close*) You know I would do anything——

ANNABELLE. (*R.C.*) Already? How nice—— Well, you see, I thought I was going to stop here, and I sent for my things. Now I'm in such a hurry to get away, I wonder if you'd send them to me when they come?

RAWSON. Gladly. Where shall I send them?

ANNABELLE. To—er—t—the station at Rock Point, Long Island.

RAWSON. Rock Point? No address?

ANNABELLE. No.

RAWSON. Not even care of anybody?

ANNABELLE. No—no, I'll send for them. There are four trunks and two hat boxes and a dog. Do you think you can do it?

RAWSON. I'm sure I can.

ANNABELLE. And, Mr. Rawson—if you don't mind, please don't tell anyone where I've gone.

RAWSON. Of course not. I wouldn't even tell if I knew *just* where you were going.

ANNABELLE. (*Looks up at him*) I don't believe you would. I feel that I can trust you.

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RAWSON. You can. Now I'll find a porter *we* can trust.

ANNABELLE. Oh, thank you! You're so nice.
(*Exit ANNABELLE up R. to Palm Room. RAWSON goes to L. and calls to JAMES.*)

RAWSON. Just a moment. (*JAMES enters L.I.*)
That place—Rock Point—is there a hotel there?

JAMES. Oh, no, sir—only private estates—big show places—like ours.

RAWSON. I see. (*Boldly*) Do you happen to know at which one Mrs. Leigh visits?

JAMES. (*Condescendingly*) Mrs. Leigh—why, no, sir. It might be at the Brindley Fortesques—or the Dunder—Hallidays—or then again, it might be the Tipton Grangers—

RAWSON. Are they near your place?

JAMES. Oh, no, sir—nothing is near anything down there—that's the beauty of it.

RAWSON. (*Fearlessly*) I want to come down there.

JAMES. Yes, sir—well, why don't you come down?

RAWSON. I mean to stay.

READY MUSIC up R.

JAMES. (*Hesitates*) Well, sir—I wish it could be arranged—

RAWSON. It can.

JAMES. Can it?

RAWSON. Can't it?

JAMES. You mean—

RAWSON. (*Bill—yellowback from wallet*) Yes—I mean that—just between ourselves—I rent the place of you—a thousand a week.

JAMES. Well, sir, I think it might be arranged—if Mr. Wimbledon was there, I'm sure he'd be delighted—and just because he ain't—

RAWSON. (*Giving him bill*) I'll be down to-night. (*Exit L.*)

JAMES. What train, sir?—I shall have the car meet you at the station. (JAMES *exits after* RAWSON L.I.)

(*Enter ANNABELLE, followed by JENNINGS, ETHEL, GWENDOLEN and ALFRED from up R.*)

MUSIC CUE. "Just You and I."
Play until curtain

JENNINGS. But, Mrs. Leigh, I don't know anything about gardening.

ANNABELLE. Get a gardener's book and read it on the train going down. (JENNINGS *goes to* GWENDOLEN.)

ALFRED. You're not really serious, Annabelle—

ANNABELLE. I am serious—terribly serious. I must go down there.

ETHEL. But why should we go?

ANNABELLE. I'll tell you all why later. You must help me. You can't desert me. (To JAMES, *who has come on L.I. with note-book and pencil*) Here they are, Mr. Ludgate. This is Lizzie McQuade, my helper. We've worked together for years, haven't we, Lizzie?

JAMES. Lizzie McQuade—wages forty dollars. Is that satisfactory, Lizzie?

ANNABELLE. Perfectly satisfactory—

JAMES. And I didn't get your name. (To ANNABELLE.)

ANNABELLE. My name is Annie, Annie Postlethwaite, Mrs. Postlethwaite, please, Mr. Ludgate.

JAMES. Pottleswaite?

ANNABELLE. Not Pottle-Postle. This is the chauffeur, Mr. Featherstone, Ronald Featherstone.

JAMES. Ronald? Mr. Wimbledon objects to that name.

ALFRED. So do I.

ANNABELLE. He can use his middle name, Mac-Aninny.

JAMES. I'll put down Mac. He will be driving the servants' car mostly. Wages, one hundred a month, the same as the other chauffeurs. You and I are considered of equal importance with the family, Mrs. Losslethorpe.

ANNABELLE. I should think so. What good is the rest of the family if you kill the cook? (ETHEL interrupts) That's all, Lizzie.

ETHEL. I should hope so. (*Exit ALFRED and ETHEL into Palm Room R.*)

ANNABELE. This is the gardener, Mr. Jennings—Alonzo Jennings.

JAMES. Are you married, Mr. Jennings?

JENNINGS. Married?

JAMES. Mr. Wimbledon likes to have the gardener's wife in the lodge.

ANNABELLE. You mean the gardener must be a married man?

JAMES. Yes.

ANNABELLE. (*Her gaze wanders to GWENDOLEN*) Well, I don't see but you'll have to go down, then, Maggie. (*GWENDOLEN goes to her*) This is Mrs. Jennings, Mr. Ludgate. I did think of her for parlor-maid. Maybe she could be both—Mr. Jennings' wife, and parlor-maid, too.

JAMES. I see no objections, as long as she sleeps in the Lodge.

WARNING

GWENDOLEN. (*Terrified*) Annabelle!

JAMES. (*Writes in book*) Wages, forty, Maggie.

GWENDOLEN. But I couldn't sleep in the Lodge.

JAMES. Why not?

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GWENDOLEN. (*Boldly*) My husband snores——

JENNINGS. I don't, as a matter of fact.

ANNABELLE. I'm sure this can all be adjusted, Mr. Ludgate.

JAMES. She must be at the Lodge mornings to open up the windows and see to breakfast for her husband and the under-gardener.

ANNABELLE. She will, she will—— (GWENDOLEN *goes to* JENNINGS.)

JAMES. There's room in the car for Maggie and Lizzie.

ANNABELLE. Very good, and Alonzo and Mackinniny can take the train down. (*Exit* JAMES L.I.)

(*As* JAMES *exits*—*enter* ETHEL and ALFRED, *excited*.)

ETHEL *goes to* ANNABELLE R. ALFRED *stops at* R. of JENNINGS.)

ETHEL. Annabelle! He's paid for the lunch and gone!

ANNABELLE. Good gracious! Who?

ALFRED. Rawson.

ETHEL. What a strange man, Annabelle. No real gentleman would have done it.

ANNABELLE. No—no! He's not a gentleman. God bless him! He's just a man—and I must never see him again.

ETHEL. Why?

ANNABELLE. Because it's the first time in my life that I ever—I don't have to tell you, Ethel——

JAMES. (*Enter* L.I.) Come, Annie! (*Exits* L.I.)

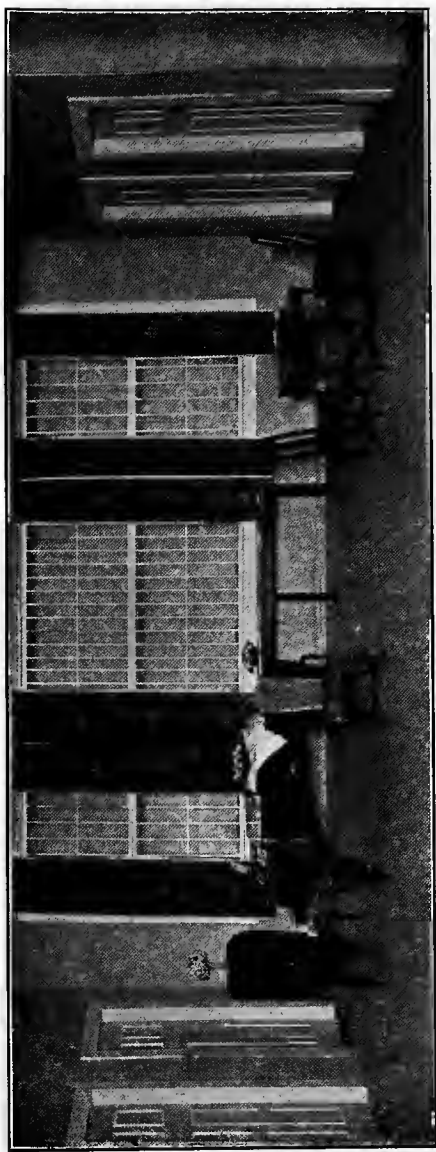
(ANNABELLE *slowly starts* L., *pauses, speaks and exits*.)

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ANNABELLE. Come, Lizzie!

(*ALL follow slowly off L.I.—after ANNIE, MAGGIE,
ALONZO—JENNINGS.*)

CURTAIN



The stage of the Republic Theatre, New York, set for "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE", Act II.

ACT II

SCENE: *The Servants' Hall at WIMBLEDON's place.*

TIME: *Ten o'clock the next morning.*

DISCOVERED: *On rise, JAMES discovered talking to the new servants, who are lined up for instruction.*

JAMES. (R.C.) I'll give you another chance, Mac—but see that my car looks as well as Mr. Wimbledon's—

ALFRED. Yes, sir.

JAMES. (To ETHEL) Now, Lizzie—you know what your duties are. You are cook's helper.—Do just as she says, but if you've been with her, you're used to that.

ETHEL. (*With feeling*) Yes—I am.

JAMES. Where did you work last?

ETHEL. Why—er—in a hotel.

JAMES. With Annie?

ETHEL. Annie?

JAMES. (*Pompous*) Mrs. Pottleswate—but you don't have to correct me, Lizzie—you mind your own manners, my girl.

ETHEL. I didn't mean to correct you, I'm sure, Mr. Ludgate. I wouldn't think of interfering with your manners.

JAMES. I should hope not.—When it comes to manners, Mr. Wimbledon himself has no better than what I have—and where is Annie, I mean Mrs. Pottleswate?

GWENDOLEN. She's not up yet—she seemed so tired, I didn't wake her.

JAMES. You slept with her last night, Maggie?

GWENDOLEN. Yes. She didn't want to be alone.

JAMES. Was that the reason—or did you quarrel with your husband? (*Turns to JENNINGS*) How about that, Jennings?

JENNINGS. Well, we did have rather a go of it last night—but it doesn't matter really, does it?—For she was over bright and early opening the windows and getting breakfast.

JAMES. I don't like to see two young people start out their married life like you and Maggie. Alonzo—fightin' with your wife is low, leave that to those who employ us. Kiss and make up—that's what I say.

JENNINGS. I'm perfectly willing.

GWENDOLEN. So am I.

JAMES. Now, Maggie—I'm going to put you in the Library.

GWENDOLEN. Yes, Mr. Ludgate.

JAMES. You'll find in a cabinet some Severs plates—they're to be your special care. They're very rare. Now you can all go. Oh, Jennings—(*The rest go, GWENDOLEN and ALFRED out through kitchen garden door, with ETHEL L.2 entrance.*) Jennings, I don't know why you wear that smock.

JENNINGS. (C.) Why, I found it hanging in the Lodge, and I rather like the looks of it.

JAMES. (R.C.) No manual labor is required of you, Jennings.

JENNINGS. I suppose no one minds if I hoe a little, just for exercise?

JAMES. As to that, suit yourself—I would suggest that you call the under-gardeners together and give them a talk.

JENNINGS. Do you think they'll listen to me?

JAMES. Rotation is what Mr. Wimbledon wants

—and everything out of season. That's why Legget was sent off—he didn't believe in the Bell System—you know what that is?

JENNINGS. (*At loss—pretends he does*) I did know, but it slipped my mind.

JAMES. The glass bell—it's a forcing system for young vegetables—it kills most of them, but Mr. Wimbledon believes in it—an' when he went out into the garden and sees the bells all lying to one side, he flew into a rage—he paid a great deal for them—and he wants them used.

JENNINGS. When he comes into the garden, I'll see that the vegetables are all there with the bells on.

JAMES. That's right, Jennings—I think you look very well. After all, *we* make the best servants.

JENNINGS. (*Goes R. and up R.3*) Oh, yes—(*Exits R.2.*)

(*Enter LOTTIE R.1. with large tray containing a pot of coffee, rolls and grapefruit, tastefully arranged. Goes to table L.—puts tray on it.*)

JAMES. (*C., goes L.C.*) What's all this?

LOTTIE. (*L.*) Head cook's tray, ordered for ten.

JAMES. Oh—well, I hope it's all right. Give her the best of everything.

LOTTIE. Of course—she's the *new* cook. (*Arranging tray on table.*)

JAMES. And go light on the liquor to-day, Lottie, will you?

LOTTIE. Go light on it?—(*Mournful—it being hidden.*) Where is it?

JAMES. I don't want you to queer yourself with cook the first day.

LOTTIE. Queer myself? What is it to me, an honest, hard-working girl, what others think of me?

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I know what I think of *them*. (*Gives JAMES a withering look.*)

JAMES. What do you mean by that, Lottie—and who do you mean?

LOTTIE. I guess you know. Is that a friend of Mr. Wimbledon's, came down last night, Mr. Ludgate?

JAMES. Certainly—that is a very particular friend of Mr. Wimbledon's.

LOTTIE. If he's very particular, why don't he wait until Mr. Wimbledon's home?

JAMES. (*Conciliating*) Come, Lottie—don't get vicious. Maybe when I go down the cellar I'll bring you up a bottle of that Scotch you can't reach—just to remind you of old times—when you used to think there was no one like James.

LOTTIE. Yes—now I know there ain't. (*JAMES exits L.B. Knocks at ANNABELLE'S door L.I.*) It's Lottie with your breakfast. Yes—it's ten o'clock and after.

ANNABELLE. (*Off, in a sleepy voice*) Is anyone out there?

LOTTIE. No—there's no one out here—and it's nice and cool. I'll set it right on the table—certainly. (*Places chair left and goes R. of table. Enter ANNABELLE, goes to table.*)

ANNABELLE. Thank you, Lottie—it looks very nice. How did it ever get to be ten o'clock? (*Sits L. of table, starts to eat, LOTTIE standing by.*)

LOTTIE. Well, it does, you know, just about this time every morning. (*She laughs in a perfunctory way.*) I hope everything's satisfactory. By rights your own helper should have brought your tray, but I knew James would never be through talking by ten. You brought your helper down—that's much the best way. I have a girl with very thick hair that James picked out. He seems to think they make the best helpers—but I'd rather wait on meself than

try to get this girl up mornings. Your Lizzie's a nice-looking girl—and Maggie's a sweet little thing. She slept with you last night.

ANNABELLE. Yes—

LOTTIE. (*Longing for a little gossip*) What's the matter—don't she and Mr. Jennings get on?

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes—it was on my account. I was nervous—yes—when I'm in a new place I'm apt to dream of Mr. Pottlethwaite.

LOTTIE. Oh—your poor, dear husband, I suppose? Didn't he treat you right, or is he dead?

ANNABELLE. (*After a moment's hesitation*) Both.

LOTTIE. Don't we poor women have it hard? But what can we do but just go on and do the best we can? (*Takes a nip from bottle she carries in pocket, and explains as ANNABELLE sees her*) It's just a little headache cologne.

ANNABELLE. And do you swallow it, Lottie?

LOTTIE. It acts quicker. How do you like your costume? You look real good in it.

ANNABELLE. Do I, Lottie? I like it very much.

LOTTIE. Mr. Wimbledon has them all made by an interior decorator—they cost fifty dollars apiece. I guess the man who makes 'em wants to retire.

ANNABELLE. Yours is a little different, Lottie.

LOTTIE. Well, I'm a little different.

ANNABELLE. Yours has a bib.

LOTTIE. No, it don't. That's my collar. Just got on that way and I was afraid to change—it's bad luck, you know.

ANNABELLE. Oh, of course it is.

LOTTIE. I don't know as it'll make much difference. I've felt something hanging over me all morning. Do you ever feel that way?

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes—I think everyone does.

LOTTIE. Do you believe in zoology? What the stars tell? I have the book that tells just what's

going to happen every day. Sometimes I'm hardly able to get up when I see how bad the stars set. To-day's an awful evil day for me—my planets Saturn and Mercury are in aspic.

ANNABELLE. Oh, no, Lottie—not really?

LOTTIE. Well—they are malefic aspic—well—there's one thing to be thankful for. I ain't going to be born to-day.

ANNABELLE. Why, Lottie, is this a bad day to be born?

LOTTIE. Oh—terrible—the poor souls that's born to-day has nothing to look forward to but sickness and trouble and domestic relations. I've got my list for the day—if you'll look it over.

ANNABELLE. Oh—— (*Takes list.*) Crab meat, salmon cutlet, steak, chops, ducks, fresh figs, olives—I love everything on it, Lottie.

LOTTIE. Will you O. K. it please?

ANNABELLE. (*Taking pencil from LOTTIE*) You haven't forgotten anything, have you, Lottie—any blueing or nutmeg, or anything like that?

LOTTIE. There—I do need a nutmeg—what a mind you have on your work.

ANNABELLE. (*Complacently*) Oh, yes.

LOTTIE. I knew I'd forgotten something. (*As ANNABELLE writes.*)

ANNABELLE. Is that all right? Can you read my writing? (*Gives LOTTIE list and pencil.*)

LOTTIE. Oh, yes—O and K as plain as can be.

ANNABELLE. I don't suppose Mr. Wimbledon ever comes down here to the servants' hall?

LOTTIE. Oh, don't he? He's down here raising Cain half of the time when he's home.

ANNABELLE. When he's home? Is he away?

LOTTIE. Yes, thank goodness, he is. Gone for the summer. That's why the help's all off on a picnic. All but me. I had a round robbin this morning asking me not to go. When I go it always rains.

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(Enter JAMES L.2, crosses to R. of LOTTIE.)

JAMES. Well, Lottie—still here?

LOTTIE. I'm just fixing cook's tray. (*Hurriedly arranging dishes on tray.*) I must hurry, too, because I have me work. There are some that must work and others that get paid for just walking around. (*Eyes JAMES up and down.*)

JAMES. In the cellar window—Lottie—you'll find something.

LOTTIE. (*With assurance and a rising inflection*) In the cellar window? (*Exits R.1, humming "There's a light in the window for me."*) JAMES approaches ANNABELLE.)

JAMES (C.) Well, Annie—I hope your breakfast is satisfactory—if it isn't, all you've to do is order another.

ANNABELLE. (*Seated L. of table*) Thank you, Mr. Ludgate, it was very nice.

JAMES. I didn't tell you a friend of Mr. Wimbledon is down over the week end, maybe longer.

ANNABELLE. Oh—does Mr. Wimbledon entertain when he's not here?

JAMES. Oh, this is just an old friend of Mr. Wimbledon's. I've not even opened up the large dining-room for him. I'm eating him in the morning room, off the porch.

ANNABELLE. Good gracious!

JAMES. I thought about teatime, some of that cup you was telling about would taste pretty good—along with a velvet cake. I'm expecting my friend Wickham down. The great detective from the Hotel St. Swithin.

ANNABELLE. (*Rising*) Detective—he isn't coming for—anything special, is he, Mr. Ludgate?

JAMES. He asked me if he could, that's all. Oh, he's very interesting—I'll introduce you to him.

ANNABELLE. But I don't want to meet him, Mr.

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Ludgate—promise me you won't introduce him to me—

JAMES. Well, I won't—but make the cup very rich for him, Annie.

ANNABELLE. Very well, Mr. Ludgate. (JAMES exits L.2, ANNABELLE crosses and sits R.C.) Good gracious! (*Voices off hall R.3.*)

ALEC. I think it must be here, sir.

(Enter ALEC R.2, followed by RAWSON. RAWSON carries a fish.)

RAWSON. Oh, no, this isn't a kitchen.

ALEC. Well, it's the the kitchen garden outside—I know beans.

RAWSON. (*Seeing ANNABELLE, who rises*) I beg your pardon—why, it's you!

ANNABELLE. Why, so it is.

RAWSON. I'm awfully glad to see you.

ANNABELLE. What a wonderful fish! (RAWSON holds up fish.)

RAWSON. So you're visiting here!

ANNABELLE. What a nice face it has—I mean for a fish.

RAWSON. (*Turning to ALEC, R. of him*) Alec, take this fish.

ALEC. (*Taking fish*) Where shall I put it, sir?

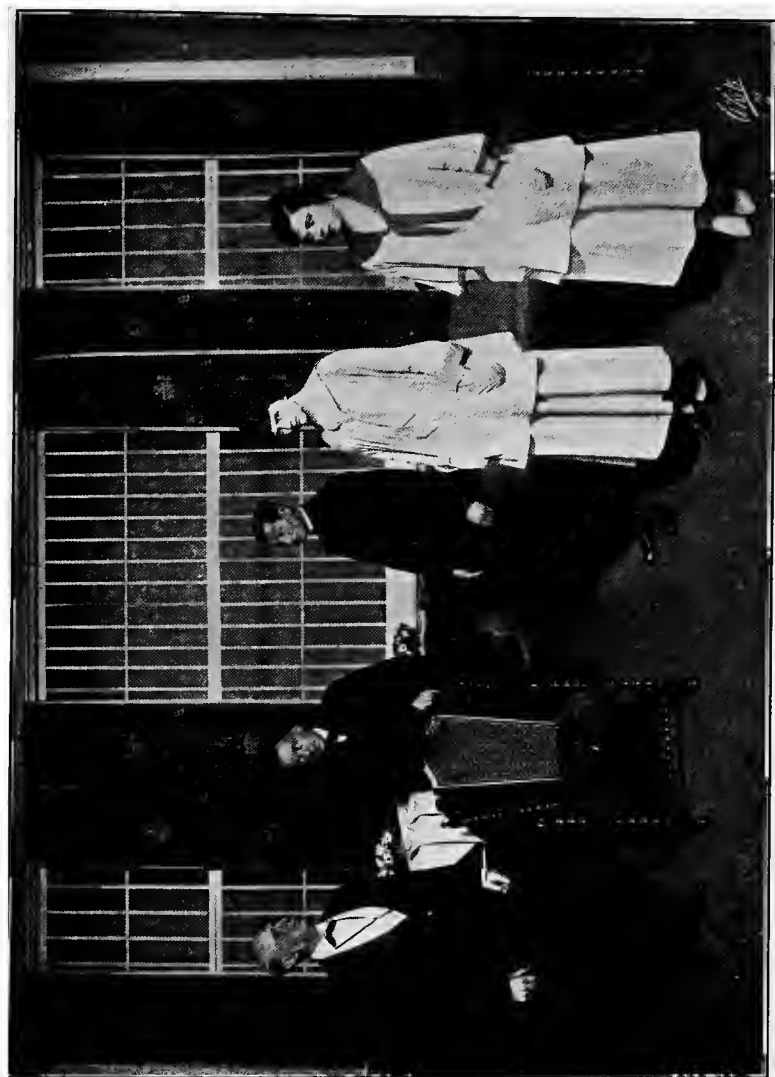
RAWSON. Put it in the bay. (ALEC crosses to L.C.)

ANNABELLE. Don't put it in the bay on my account.

(Exit ALEC R.2.)

RAWSON. You must know Mr. Wimbledon very well—to visit him when he's away?

ANNABELLE. Yes, well—I think you see enough of people when you're not visiting them, don't you?



And the best time to visit them is when they're away. Where are you stopping, Mr. Rawson?

RAWSON. Why, I'm staying here.

ANNABELLE. Here? Then you know Mr. Wimbledon?

RAWSON. No, I don't. The fact is I wanted to be down here and I rented the place.

ANNABELLE. Of Mr. Wimbledon?

RAWSON. No, I made an arrangement with his butler.

ANNABELLE. Think of James doing that!

RAWSON. Yes, my doing it, of course, is quite to be expected, but I can't understand if James knew you were coming.

ANNABELLE. (*Ruffled*) He didn't. (*Sits R.*) No—it was a surprise to James—it was a surprise to us, really—but it was so warm in town—and we didn't know where to go—so I said, why not come down to Old Rook Point—even if George is away.

RAWSON. (*Relieved*) I see. Then you're not alone.

ANNABELLE. Oh, no—all the people you met yesterday are with me. Oh, Mr. Rawson—think of my forgetting what you did.

RAWSON. Please forget it if it was anything you didn't like.

ANNABELLE. You paid for my lunch party.

RAWSON. I know—I shouldn't have done it, of course—I thought of that afterwards.

ANNABELLE. I'm so glad you didn't think of it before—I mean—a little spontaneity at times is so refreshing—don't you think so? I'm sorry you have to go. (*Rises.*)

RAWSON. So am I. (*Rises.*)

ANNABELLE. If Mr. Wimbledon were only here.

RAWSON. That wouldn't help me any.

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes—he would ask you to stay,

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I'm sure—but you see, I can't very well. (JAMES enters L.2.)

RAWSON. Of course not—but you don't mind my having a day's fishing?

ANNABELLE. No, indeed—— (JAMES puts decanters and glasses on tray on table L. and goes L.C.)

JAMES. (*Embarrassed but pompous*) Oh, Mr. Rawson—you know where you are, sir? This is the servants' hall.

RAWSON. Yes, I caught a fish and I came in to see the cook and tell her how I wanted it.

JAMES. You'll attend to that, won't you, Annie?

ANNABELLE. (*Indignantly, a little L. of him*) What do you mean by calling me Annie?

JAMES. I beg your pardon. I keep forgettin'—Mrs. Pottlethwaite will see that the fish is cooked to suit.

ANNABELLE. Certainly she will. (JAMES exits with dignity L.2.) Fancy his calling me Annie—of course he used to, when I was a child playing here with George—but that was ages ago. You'd think he'd know better.

RAWSON. (R.C.) Oh, well, an old family servant—out at my camp the man that cooks for me always calls me John.

ANNABELLE. (*Cheered*) Does he really? That makes me feel much better. (*Enter ALEC L.2.*)

ALEC. Two gentlemen to see Mrs. Leigh—Mr. Gosling and Mr. Murchison.

ANNABELLE. (*Rising*) Oh, dear, you didn't tell them I was here, did you? I can't see them—I can't see anybody.

ALEC. They've followed me down. (*The door opens and GOSLING and MURCHISON enter L.2. into the room. Both men look in surprise at RAWSON and ANNABELLE.*)

GOSLING. Just as I thought——

MURCHISON. Annabelle! What is the meaning of it all?

ANNABELLE. Well, really, I think I'm the one to ask that—two gentlemen breaking into a house where they haven't been invited.

MURCHISON. They told me at the hotel that you left in Mr. Wimbledon's car.

GOSLING. (*Seeing MR. RAWSON*) Mr. Rawson!

RAWSON. Good morning.

ANNABELLE. You're surprised to see Mr. Rawson here. My meeting him was most unexpected.

GOSLING. That's what you said yesterday.

MURCHISON. You never told me that you knew Mr. Wimbledon.

ANNABELLE. Well, it doesn't seem to give you any pleasure now that you know it.

GOSLING. Have you asked Mr. Wimbledon about your stock?

ANNABELLE. No, Mr. Wimbledon's not here.

GOSLING. (*Surprised*) Not here?

ANNABELLE. No. So I can't do anything about it. Of course when I see him, I'll get it back. (*Crosses to GOSLING. GOSLING retires up c.*)

MURCHISON. I don't understand your being here, Annabelle, if Wimbledon's not here.

ANNABELLE. (*To MURCHISON. RAWSON crosses up R.C. and joins GOSLING up c.*) Well—would you understand it if he were here? No—you wouldn't like that, either—so what's the use trying to please people?

MURCHISON. Annabelle— (*Taking her aside L.*) You have just broken my heart—I had everything all arranged—but it's not too late. . . . (*Intensely*) Come with me out to East Orange, New Jersey. Mrs. Caruthers lives there now—she wants you—she's one of those women that understands.

ANNABELLE. (*Impatiently*) Understands why she lives in East Orange, Harry? No—I shall stay

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here until it's all over. If Ada insists on having a co-respondent, she'll have to find another one.

MURCHISON. I'm ill—— (*Sinking in chair R. of table L.*)

ANNABELLE. (*Her manner changing*) Oh, poor Harry! What is it?

MURCHISON. It's a chill.

ANNABELLE. You really ought to have them at home, Harry. Because you see, we don't really know what to do for you—I suppose Ada does.

(*LOTTIE enters R.I., remains near door, front of piano R.C. Seeing MURCHISON.*)

LOTTIE. What's the matter with him? The poor soul looks as though he's going to drop dead.

ANNABELLE. He's got a chill. (*R.C.*)

MURCHISON. Where's the kitchen?

ANNABELLE. It's out here, Harry. (*Leads MURCHISON R.C.*)

MURCHISON. Let me get to the fire. Get me a blanket. (*R.I.*)

LOTTIE. (*R.*) I can't have a man in the kitchen with a blanket—I can't, I can't. (*MURCHISON exits R.I.*) Oh! He's in—now there's a man in the kitchen.

(*LOTTIE exits R.I. RAWSON goes to window C. ANNABELLE crosses R. in front of piano.*)

GOSLING. (*Down R.C.*) Annabelle, I want you to return to the city with me. You compromise yourself by staying here.

ANNABELLE. (*Starts playing piano. Classical bit*) Well, I'm a co-respondent, Mr. Gosling . . . and if there's any little pleasure to be gotten out of being compromised, I shall get it.

GOSLING. We will take the twelve-five back to

New York. I will be outside on the porch waiting for you. (*With dignity he exits R.2.*)

RAWSON. (*Crossing to ANNABELLE at piano*) You didn't really mean it—about being a co-respondent?

ANNABELLE. (*Stops playing and faces him*) Yes, Mr. Rawson, it's true, and though I'm quiet about it, it's not because I'm used to it. It's most unusual.

RAWSON. Mr. Murchison?

ANNABELLE. It's so ridiculous. I'm fond of Harry, but he's not the sort of man at all that I could imagine being a co-respondent for.

RAWSON. (*Believing her and leaning over piano*) Tell me—haven't you anyone to look after you?

ANNABELLE. Yes, yes, I must tell you. I have a husband somewhere.

RAWSON. A husband somewhere. He can't be much use to you.

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes, he's helpful at times.

RAWSON. You don't know where he is?

ANNABELLE. Not exactly—but near enough.

RAWSON. I see—you—you don't get on.

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes, we do—we never see each other.

RAWSON. You can't tell me what he did—what particular thing he did——

ANNABELLE. Well, he wasn't particular about what he did, Mr. Rawson. He ruined my father in the first place, but the worst thing was his marrying me. I ran away from him. I've never seen him since the night I spent in his cave. (*Crosses to c. and sits L. of table.*)

RAWSON. He was a cave man?

ANNABELLE. Yes, they called him the Hermit—he hadn't any name. I suppose his parents ran away from him when he was a baby. He probably frightened them—though he hadn't a beard then. The only thing I remember about him was his beard

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—it was down to here—no, to here—and I suppose it's been growing ever since. I was only sixteen when I went out there, Mr. Rawson—you see there was a terrible fight about a mine—that dreadful Hermit stole it from my father.

RAWSON. But how could he do that? Those fellows out there won't stand for stealing horses or mines.

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes, they will, Mr. Rawson. They did, his friends all helped him.

RAWSON. Do you remember *just* what happened? (*Sits.*)

ANNABELLE. Do I remember? The howling, fighting mob breaking into our log house and the hermit grabbing me—"This is my loot, boys!"—that's what he said—just like a scene in the movies.

RAWSON. But they didn't kill your father, and you *did* get away?

ANNABELLE. No, I didn't—I spent the night in his cave. I told him I was frightfully compromised. He said, "What's that?" And when I explained he flew into a rage and brought in a terrible man and married me.

RAWSON. Poor child. (*Trying not to smile.*)

ANNABELLE. Yes, and the worst of it was—that after he married me he wanted me to stay in his cave. He begged me to—it was terrible—when I close my eyes I see him, his shaggy face quite close to mine, his glittering eyes, his terrible strong hands—he was so strong. He took me by the wrists just for a moment.

RAWSON. But then he let you go. (*Moved.*)

ANNABELLE. Yes, for I cried, you see—I always cry when I'm angry—he thought I was afraid.

RAWSON. Weren't you?

ANNABELLE. I don't know—I was angry first—I cried and cried and cried until he put me right out

of his cave. Wasn't it splendid that I could cry like that?

RAWSON. Wasn't it? I'm so glad you did.
(*Leans over a little.*)

ANNABELLE. Are you?

RAWSON. Yes, because, though it was horrible for you, it wasn't so bad as it might have been.
(*Ends up lamely and straightens up.*) You never thought of getting a divorce from him?

ANNABELLE. (*Rising*) Well—just lately—I have.

RAWSON. Oh! (*Goes a little c., a few steps.*)

ANNABELLE. Up to now he's been rather a convenience. Yes—if it hadn't been for him, I'd have married lots of people I didn't care for. (*Crosses L.C.*)

RAWSON. (*To c.*) Then he has been of some use—up to now. But now there's somebody else—and it isn't Murchison.

ANNABELLE. There is somebody else and it isn't Murchison.

RAWSON. (*Thinking of WIMBLEDON*) I was interested in what they said about that stock. It's a good thing someone's got it you can trust.

ANNABELLE. Is it?

RAWSON. You know, it gives Mr. Wimbledon great power.

ANNABELLE. You mean—over my husband?

RAWSON. Well—over anybody that wants it. I wouldn't have minded getting hold of it myself.

ANNABELLE. You!

RAWSON. Is Wimbledon the man?

ANNABELLE. I can't tell you, Mr. Rawson . . . and there's only a tiny—oh, the smallest imaginable chance that you'll ever know—who the man is.
(*ANNABELLE exits L.I.*)

RAWSON. (*Looking after her, as if trying to remember something, then remembers and smiles a*

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little.) Hope! (*He lights cigar and goes thoughtfully out into the garden R.2 window.*)

LOTTIE. (*Entering R.1*) Hope! (*Hears RAWSON and repeats after his exit. She takes ANNABELLE'S tray from table L.C. and exits L.*)

(*Enter JAMES L.2, crosses to c.*)

JAMES. (*Agitated*) My Gawd!

LOTTIE. What's the matter?

JAMES. Mr. Wimbledon's back.

LOTTIE. What do I care? I'd just as leave go to-day as to-morrow, and rather.

JAMES. But it means ruin—don't you understand me? (*Paces to R.C.*)

LOTTIE. (*Crossing to him with tray*) Why be faint-hearted, Mr. Ludgate?—courage is given to all alike. I'm not afraid, and I'm only a bendin' reed, while you're a sturdy oak, Mr. Ludgate.

WIMBLEDON. (*Off L.3*) James!

JAMES. Will I answer or won't I? (*Crosses c., agitated face L.3.*)

LOTTIE. (*R.C.*) Don't answer till you have to—he's coming down the stairs. It makes no difference to me—one day's as good as another—an' I was going anyway. (*Exit LOTTIE R.1 with tray.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Slightly intoxicated as usual*) James! (*Enters L.2.*)

JAMES. (*C.*) Yes, sir—

WIMBLEDON. Why didn't you answer me?

JAMES. I didn't hear you, sir.

WIMBLEDON. I see you're entertaining your friends, as usual.

JAMES. I don't understand you, sir.

WIMBLEDON. That old man on the west porch in the wicker chair—who's he?

JAMES. I don't know, sir—probably one of the

neighbors—stopped in, knowing you were away.
(*With cutting emphasis.*)

WIMBLEDON. Well, he'll know enough to take his feet in the next time I go by.

JAMES. Yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Who's that big husky, smoking the cigar, on the lawn?

JAMES. (*Nervously*) That, sir? Why, he—er—he's the man I engaged for the new Captain of the *Bluebell*—but I'll see him, sir—I'll tell him he don't suit. (*Crosses and starts off L.3.*)

WIMBLEDON. Stay where you are—how do you know he don't suit? He looks as though he could lick the whole crew, and that's what they need.

JAMES. Yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. That's what everybody needs.

JAMES. Yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. And I'm the fellow to do it—I could lick the world to-day—I'm only just looking around to see where to begin. Surprised to see me, aren't you?

JAMES. Well, yes, sir, a little. (*Crosses L.*)

WIMBLEDON. I couldn't go and leave my business now.

JAMES. I'm very sorry, sir.

WIMBLEDON. I've got to register my stock before I can go.

JAMES. Well, sir, why don't you, sir?

WIMBLEDON. Because I only just thought of it,—why didn't you tell me?

JAMES. I didn't know it, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Don't you know anything? Why don't you read the papers? Why didn't you tell me this fellow Rawson was in town?

JAMES. I didn't know you knew him, sir.

WIMBLEDON. I don't know him—but he's come on here to break me—and I'm going to break him—do you believe I can do it?

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JAMES. (*Affecting ennui*) Very likely, sir—I don't know really.

WIMBLEDON. Do you believe I can do it? Like this I can do it—— (*Takes dish from table and throws it on the floor.*) It's easy like this——

(*Enter LOTTIE R.I.*)

LOTTIE. (*Becoming interested*) He's home again. Go to it—I'll get you the other set when you finish with that.

(*Enter ANNABELLE L.I.*)

ANNABELLE. Lottie, haven't you been a little careless with the willow ware?

LOTTIE. No—it was him—showing what he'd do to a friend of his. (*Exits R.I.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Down right of table, arranging tie and hair, pleased at seeing ANNABELLE*) Who are you?

JAMES. (*Back of L. table*) Oh, Mr. Wimbledon, this, sir, is the new cook—Mrs. Postlethwaite.

WIMBLEDON. Oh—well, that's too much to start with—what do people call you? (*Crosses JAMES to L.C.*)

ANNABELLE. That depends, sir.

JAMES. Annie is her first name, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Well, Annie, why were you dismissed from your last place?

ANNABELLE. I wasn't dismissed, sir——

WIMBLEDON. That's what they all say. Where are your references?

ANNABELLE. Do you want to see them, sir?

WIMBLEDON. Yes.

ANNABELLE. (*To JAMES*) Well, why don't you show them to him?

JAMES. I?

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ANNABELLE. Yes, where are they? You don't mean to say you've lost them?

JAMES. Why, no—I can't have lost them.

ANNABELLE. I said to myself after I gave them to you that I should never have done it—a girl should never let her references out of her hand.

WIMBLEDON. Of course not. (*To JAMES*) Send those other servants here.

(*Exit JAMES right 2. Mops brow with handkerchief and is glad to get away.*)

ANNABELLE. But I can remember them, sir. My last place was with the Colton Morrissons . . .

WIMBLEDON. I know them very well. They live in Tarrytown.

ANNABELLE. Not *my* Colton Morrissons, sir, they live in Pittsburg.

WIMBLEDON. Well, why did you leave them?

ANNABELLE. Well, sir, the daughter Irmengard ran away with the chauffeur and the father and mother were divorced—and I couldn't make up my mind which part of the family to stay with.

WIMBLEDON. Oh, I see.

(*Enter JAMES with JENNINGS, ALFRED and GWEN and ETHEL R.2.*)

JAMES. Here they are, sir! (*Indicating ALFRED.*) The new chauffeur, sir.

ALFRED. Ronald—I mean Mackinninny.

WIMBLEDON. Which?

JAMES. He gave his name as Mackinninny.

WIMBLEDON. I'll bet you've worked in a Ronald on me. (*To ALFRED*) Have you a reference?

ALFRED. Why, I've driven the Weatherbys for years. He'll be glad to tell you all about me.

WIMBLEDON. I wouldn't ask him, the old crook!

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JAMES. (*Indicating JENNINGS*) The new gardener, Mr. Wimbledon.

WIMBLEDON. (*To JENNINGS*) What's your name?

JENNINGS. (*Nervously*) Oh, Alonzo—Alonzo Jennings.

WIMBLEDON. Alonzo Jennings. Well, I hope you're a better gardener than Legget. Where are your references?

JENNINGS. (*Pulling up smock and feeling in his pocket*) I thought I had a few of them in here—but I guess I must have left them in my other coat.

ANNABELLE. You'd hardly think it was necessary for the man who brought out the Albino Chrysanthemum to have credentials.

WIMBLEDON. Did you do that?

JENNINGS. (*With a grateful look at ANNABELLE*) I did—though I hardly realized it at the time.

WIMBLEDON. I don't realize it now—never heard of an Albino Chrysanthemum.

ANNABELLE. You don't go to the Grand Central Flower Show, do you?

WIMBLEDON. Never go to the Grand Central except to catch a train.

ANNABELLE. Well, of course, then you wouldn't know the tremendous enthusiasm over Mr. Jennings' exhibit.

WIMBLEDON. But I'm thinking of vegetables.

ANNABELLE. Well, of course, Mr. Jennings' Giant Lima Bean was the sensation of the hour at the County Fair in Usquepaug.

WIMBLEDON. You seem to know a lot about Mr. Jennings.

ANNABELLE. Yes, sir—we have corresponded through the Hardy Servant's Manual and then at one time he worked for the Colton-Morrissons.

WIMBLEDON. (*Severely*) Ha! You use the Bell System, do you, Jennings?

JENNINGS. Oh, yes, rather, there's nothing like a bell for getting young plants up.

WIMBLEDON. You understand ensilage thoroughly? What do you think about it?

JENNINGS. Well, I think it can be prevented by spraying early in the Spring.

WIMBLEDON. Don't you know it's a system of fertilizing?

ANNABELLE. Maybe it's only in England that it means the Enslebug.

WIMBLEDON. What's that?

ANNABELLE. It's an insect that attacks young fruit trees in the Spring, isn't it, Mr. Jennings?

JENNINGS. Yes, it's a sort of winged ant.

WIMBLEDON. A winged grandmother. I can see I'll learn a lot from you, Jennings. I shall look up the enslebug in the Enslepedia—(*Drunkenly*)—Encyclopedia Brittanica.

JAMES. (*Introducing ETHEL*) New cook's helper, Mr. Wimbledon.

WIMBLEDON. Name?

ETHEL. Lizzie—Lizzie McQuade.

WIMBLEDON. I never saw a cook's helper that didn't look as cross as the devil. What's the reason of that, Lizzie?

ETHEL. (*With dignity*) I really couldn't tell you, Mr. Wimbledon.

WIMBLEDON. Why not? Is it a secret?

JAMES. The new parlor maid, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Name?

GWENDOLEN. Maggie, sir.

WIMBLEDON. No last name at all?

GWENDOLEN. Maggie Maloney, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Alliterative, aren't you, Maggie?

GWENDOLEN. Yes, sir—but I've done a most dreadful thing.

WIMBLEDON. Already?

GWENDOLEN. That most beautiful plate—the one

with the green band and the apricots—came right to pieces in my hands.

JAMES. (*Raising his hands in horror*) Oh, Maggie! After me telling you about the Severs!

WIMBLEDON. Shut up, I broke the plate myself.

JAMES. I don't remember it, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Why should you? I threw it at someone else. Well, you can all go—I don't mean you're discharged—that will probably come later. James, send in the new Captain of the *Bluebell*. (*Exit all but ANNABELLE R.2., JAMES last.*) You needn't go out, Annie. Stick around. I like to have you.

ANNABELLE. Yes, sir—I'll just get the broom and sweep up your friend.

(*Exit ANNABELLE L.I. Enter LOTTIE R.I., MURCHISON R.I.*)

LOTTIE. I think you'll be all right—now I should repeat the ginger before going to bed.

WIMBLEDON. Well, Lottie—who's this?

LOTTIE. (*To c.*) I don't know his name, but he's a perfect gentleman—he's been having a chill in the kitchen.

WIMBLEDON. (*Stares at MURCHISON. LOTTIE goes L.C.*) He has, has he? I knew you had your faults, but I didn't know a chill in the kitchen was one of them.

LOTTIE. (*c.*) As to that, I'm a good girl and an honest girl, and I reply to any slurs on my character that I'd jus' as lieve go to-day as to-morrow.

MURCHISON. (*R.C.*) I beg your pardon—Mr. Wimbledon—you're quite wrong in supposing that I went into the kitchen for any other reason than because I had a chill.

WIMBLEDON. (*L.C.*) Oh, how did you happen to have it here?

MURCHISON. I came down here hoping to find—that I was mistaken—hoping to find—— (*About to break down. Sinks into chair R.C.*)

WIMBLEDON. Mistaken about what? The man's sick—give him something.

LOTTIE. (*Who has been taking a nip out of bottle she carries unseen, indignantly and quickly conceals bottle in pocket*) How should you think I have anything to give him but ginger tea—(*Angrily*)—it's nothing but suspicion and words being passed until a poor girl feels she might as well have lost her reputation as to be what she is—an honest, hard-working——

WIMBLEDON. (*Going to her*) Oh, shut up—get me a corkscrew—you've got one in your hair somewhere, haven't you? I see there are plenty of bottles about.

LOTTIE. Not mine, sir—those must be for the new cook. (*Exit LOTTIE R.I.*)

MURCHISON. Don't bother about me, Mr. Wimbledon—— (*Rises.*)

(*Enter ANNABELLE with broom and dustpan, which she holds behind her on seeing MURCHISON.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Going L.C.*) Come on, Annie—come in, sweep away—you won't disturb anybody.

ANNABELLE. (*L.*) I suppose it's silly of me—but I'm afraid to let anyone else sweep up broken china——

MURCHISON. Annie! He calls her Annie!

WIMBLEDON. (*L.C.*) This gentleman has done me the honor to have a chill in my kitchen—he's not told me yet how he happened in—— (*Goes a little C.*)

MURCHISON. (*Bursting forth miserably*) I came down to see her—and I'm not ashamed to say it before the whole world! (*Crosses to ANNABELLE*)

72 "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

You told me he wasn't here—and here he is—calling you Annie. I always wanted to—and you never would let me.

ANNABELLE. Do go out into the garden, please—and control yourself.

MURCHISON. You're not going to stay here? Say you're not!

ANNABELLE. I will meet you at the Lodge at four—that's the best I can promise you.

MURCHISON. But I can't leave you like this, sweeping up his broken china. (*Glances at WIMBLEDON.*) It seems so domestic—I can't stand it—I can't stand it—I can't stand it! (*Exit R.2.*)

(ANNABELLE sweeps up china on floor L.C.)

WIMBLEDON. (*To L.C.*) Annie, who is that man?

ANNABELLE. That—that, ahem—is my former employer, Mr. Colton Morrisson.

WIMBLEDON. Annie, you certainly must have cooked some in Pittsburg!

ANNABELLE. (*Shyly*) Well, yes, sir—I did my best.

WIMBLEDON. Mr. Colton—Morrisson seems to think so. How about Mrs. Colton Morrisson?

ANNABELLE. She certainly liked my lemon meringue.

WIMBLEDON. She liked your lemon meringue better than Mr. Colton Morrisson?

ANNABELLE. Oh, no—he liked it, too.

WIMBLEDON. What did he use to call you, Annie?

ANNABELLE. Mrs. Postlethwaite—always.

WIMBLEDON. You won't make me do that, will you, Annie?

ANNABELLE. Not if it's hard for you, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Hard, it's impossible—it isn't once a year that I am in a condition where I can say a

name like that. The day after New Years at about four o'clock in the afternoon—come around then, and maybe I can do it—but I won't promise.

ANNABELLE. Well, you needn't.

WIMBLEDON. I don't want you to meet Colton Morrisson at the Lodge, Annie—that's a low-down trick to play a man—come and try to steal his cook—you know you don't look like a cook, my dear.

ANNABELLE. No—but if I cook like one, what's the difference?

WIMBLEDON. You've got a pretty arm and hand, do you know it?

ANNABELLE. It's strong—that's the best of it. (*Looking critically at her hand.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Insinuatingly*) Give it to me.

ANNABELLE. I certainly will, if it's necessary!

WIMBLEDON. Well, it isn't necessary—but I thought it might be pleasant. (*WIMBLEDON bursts into a convulsion of laughter. Goes a step c.*)

ANNABELLE. What is it, Mr. Wimbleton?

WIMBLEDON. I can't help laughing. (*Takes stock from pocket.*) Look at that, Annie—does that look like a million?

ANNABELLE. Do let me see, sir—I never saw a million!

WIMBLEDON. A million—it's worth more than that—two shares of the greatest stock in the world, Annie!

ANNABELLE. (*Peeping up*) Do let me hold it in my hand a minute, sir. (*Takes stock.*) Why, it's just papers!

WIMBLEDON. (*Taking it back*) That's all. (*Puts it back in his pocket. WIMBLEDON, as he takes the envelope, puts his hand over hers.*) Your hand feels just the way I thought it would.

ANNABELLE. I don't think you've got a real idea of it, yet.

74 "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

WIMBLEDON. How do you keep your hands so soft working around a kitchen all day?

ANNABELLE. I don't. I keep them soft in gloves at night, sir.

WIMBLEDON. (*Curiously—not disrespectfully—puts his forefinger on her wrist and moves it up in a straight line.*) You must wear sixteen-button gloves, Annie, for the softness doesn't stop at the wrist!

ANNABELLE. Why, really, sir, you mustn't go on like this. Remember where you are, and that you're talking to a respectable working girl—not a lady!

WIMBLEDON. How can I remember—you've got Coty's jasmine on you, too, Annie—don't deny it.

(*Enter ALEC L.2.*)

ALEC. (*To ANNABELLE*) Mr. Rawson's compliments, and he'll be down in a minute.

WIMBLEDON. Whose compliments? (*JAMES enters R.2.*)

ALEC. Why, how-de-do, Mr. Wimbleton?

WIMBLEDON. What are you doing down here, Alec?

ALEC. (*Crossing to him*) I'm here with Mr. Rawson. (*ANNIE goes R. of L.C. table.*)

WIMBLEDON. Rawson? What Rawson?

ALEC. The Montana millionaire, sir.

WIMBLEDON. You don't mean to say he's here?

ALEC. Why, yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. What's he doing here—in my house?

ALEC. Why, he's rented it for the summer, sir.

WIMBLEDON. *What?*

JAMES. (*R. Agonized*) There's some mistake, sir.

WIMBLEDON. (*Going to JAMES*) Where is he—that's all—where is the mistake?

"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE" 75

JAMES. (*Trembling*) He's the gentleman on the porch, sir—in the wicker-rocker.

WIMBLEDON. He is, is he—— (*Dashes off R.2.*)

ANNABELLE. Good gracious! (*Enter RAWSON L.2.*)

RAWSON. What's the trouble?

JAMES. Mr. Rawson, there's a most unfortunate thing has happened, sir. Mr. Wimbledon is back, and—we—he's in a frightful state, sir.

RAWSON. (C.) What's the matter with him?

JAMES. (R.C. *Apologetically and rattled*) I hope you won't mind, sir—just to keep him quiet, I told him you was Captain of the *Bluebell*.

RAWSON. You! You don't know how good that is, James. John Rawson working for George Wimbledon! Now, don't give me away. Don't call me Mr. Rawson.

ALEC. What shall I call you, sir?

RAWSON. Call me John.

ALEC. All right, John. (*Exits L.2.*)

JAMES. Thank you, sir. If you could just humor him, sir, till I can get him off. (*Exits L.2.*)

(*Enter GOSLING R.2, followed by JENNINGS. GOSLING crosses to L.C. JENNINGS comes U.C.*)

ANNABELLE. Good gracious—what's the matter?

GOSLING. (*Dripping wet, returns C.*) I have been attacked by a mad man—and on top of that, this fellow turns the hose on me!

JENNINGS. (*Explaining*) I did it to save your life—I'm sorry——

GOSLING. Look out, here he comes! (*Sees WIMBLEDON R.2. and exits hastily L.2.*)

WIMBLEDON. Damn it all! Where's the fellow with the hose?

JENNINGS. Here I am, Mr. Wimbledon—I'm awfully sorry.

76 "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

WIMBLEDON. (*Angrily*) You're the busiest gardener I've had in some time. You're discharged!

JENNINGS. Of course. (*Exits L.3.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Going to RAWSON R.C.*) Captain, I'll see you in a minute. Stick around.

RAWSON. (*Crosses L.C. Half to ANNABELLE on way up to L.3.*) I'll be right outside. (*Exits L.3.*)

ANNABELLE. (*As WIMBLEDON takes off coat, crosses to him*) Let me take your coat—I'll dry it for you in the kitchen. (*ANNABELLE starts to exit R.I. WIMBLEDON suddenly remembers about stock. Calls ANNABELLE, who stops. He goes over and gets stock from coat pocket. ANNABELLE exits R.I.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Expeditionously opens bottle and pours himself a drink at table L.*) Now I have to do this all over again.

(*ANNABELLE comes back immediately.*)

ANNABELLE. (C.) It'll soon be dry—and I'll press it for you myself.

WIMBLEDON. And a deuced lucky coat to be pressed by you!

ANNABELLE. Law, sir—what things you do say.

WIMBLEDON. Well, that's nothing to what I'll say before I get through.

ANNABELLE. Do be careful, sir—I wouldn't like to lose my place on account of anything you might say.

WIMBLEDON. Ha, ha, you amuse me, Annie—upon my word you do—it only goes to show, my dear, that there are some people we meet socially we should never meet except as cooks—and some cooks whom it would—be a pleasure to meet socially—do you follow me?

ANNABELLE. Where, sir?

WIMBLEDON. A little trip on the yacht.

ANNABELLE. I couldn't very well go to-day.

WIMBLEDON. Couldn't? There's no such word. If you want to do a thing, you just do it—don't you know that?

ANNABELLE. *You* just do it—but I don't. Mr. Wimbledon, you must think me a very strange cook——

WIMBLEDON. They're all strange, if you ask me. I think you're a dashed good-looker!

ANNABELLE. Don't you get the idea that I may have seen better days?

WIMBLEDON. No. You never saw a better day in your life than this—and I never did!

ANNABELLE. Mr. Wimbledon, I've got something on my mind.

WIMBLEDON. Have you?

ANNABELLE. Yes—I'm—I'm really in need of money.

WIMBLEDON. Well—that's the easiest thing in the world to get.

ANNABELLE. I know—but I don't like to kill anybody!

WIMBLEDON. Well—everyone that I know that needs money—they—why—they ask me for it—and that's all there is to it.

ANNABELLE. Oh, Mr. Wimbledon—but I couldn't. It's a terrible amount——

WIMBLEDON. Is it?

ANNABELLE. Yes—it's—seven hundred dollars!

WIMBLEDON. Annie, you're no piker—have you been speculating in stocks?

ANNABELLE. That's just it—it's to save some I've got——

WIMBLEDON. Maybe it isn't any good?

ANNABELLE. Oh, but it is, sir—that's the worst of it. It'll just make a difference in my whole life to get it.

WIMBLEDON. Is there any hurry?

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes—there's every hurry——

78 "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

WIMBLEDON. Mr. Colton Morrisson tipped you off, I suppose?

ANNABELLE. Yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Well, if I stake you to it—you're going to owe me an awful lot—Annie——!

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes—but I'll work it off, you see, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Well, I don't want you to work too hard. But it's a lot of money——

ANNABELLE. I know it—I should say so——

WIMBLEDON. (*With meaning*) And you'll pay? (ANNABELLE *nods*. *He takes wads of bills out of each pocket*. Just a little loose change I won on the wheel last night, Annie. They shouldn't let a man play when he's drunk—Annie. It isn't right. I won eight thousand dollars—that's terrible. Poor old Feltman was crying when I left—you don't know Feltman, do you, Annie? He's very funny when he cries. There's one—one—and there's five—that's seven hundred.

ANNABELLE. (*Sighs*) Now I'll go and press your coat. (*Exits R.I.*)

WIMBLEDON. Some cook! (*Going to door*. RAWSON *crosses down c.* WIMBLEDON *down L.C.*) Come in, Captain—sit down—what's your name?

RAWSON. (*Down L.C., entering L.2.*) My name is John.

WIMBLEDON. Well, John, I don't mind saying I've taken a fancy to you. (WIMBLEDON *sits L. of table*, RAWSON *R.*)

RAWSON. That's good.

WIMBLEDON. Have a drink? (*Pours out drink.*) I'm going to tell you something. There's a fellow here in this house, named Rawson, I'd like to kill. But I can't do that—going to take him out on the *Bluebell*—and entertain him for a few days.

RAWSON. I see——!

WIMBLEDON. You don't—but you will—about

three miles south of this point is a place called the Raps. I'll anchor out there and let him rock!

RAWSON. Do you want me to go with him?

WIMBLEDON. No, John—I like you too well—even the sailors can't stand it out there. (*Both drink.*)

RAWSON. What have you got against this man?

WIMBLEDON. He's one of a gang that pretty nearly ruined my father—John!

RAWSON. Yes?

WIMBLEDON. He's a quiet fellow, they say—but I've got something here that'll make him yell!

RAWSON. Have you?

(WIMBLEDON *takes stock from table and beats table with it. At word "licked" it falls from his hand to the floor. RAWSON picks up stock. WIMBLEDON reaches over and gets stock from RAWSON without apparently looking at it.*)

WIMBLEDON. Two shares of stock that give control of the mine the fight was about. Here it is—licked——! Have a drink, John. I'm almost sorry for the poor damned fool—— (*Filling glass.*)

RAWSON. Oh, well, I wouldn't be sorry for him.

WIMBLEDON. (*Laughing*) No, I wouldn't, either, but I can't help it, the poor nut! When I think of him out on the Raps, honestly, John—I can't help laughing—rocking around and not able to sit up, honestly, John. You—you see the humor of it, don't you?

RAWSON. Oh, yes, I see the humor of it.

(*Enter ANNABELLE R.I.*)

WIMBLEDON. This is all right, John, it's good stuff. My servants drink nothing but the best!

ANNABELLE. (*Both rise at ANNABELLE'S voice*)

Here's your coat. (*Helps him on with it. He puts stock in pocket right side.*)

WIMBLEDON. Pretty nice, Annie, to have you around—why didn't you come sooner?

ANNAELLE. I didn't know you needed me.

WIMBLEDON. What do you say to a trip to the Mediterranean on the *Bluebell*? Do you think the *Bluebell* is big enough for such a trip, Captain?

RAWSON. Yes—but I don't think *I* am.

WIMBLEDON. What do you mean by that?

RAWSON. I wouldn't care to cruise in unknown waters.

WIMBLEDON. Why, all you've got to do is buy a chart and study it—— Oh, I didn't introduce you. Annie, this is Johnnie, the Captain of the *Bluebell*.

ANNABELLE. Oh, is it? (*Looking straight at RAWSON.*) I'm glad to meet you.

RAWSON. (*Appreciating her support*) I thank you.

WIMBLEDON. We won't take any chef and Annie can do the cooking.

ANNABELLE. Yes—I'd love that—I've always wanted to cook on a yacht. It's such a cute little place where they do it—in the galley west of something. And then at night to be tucked in between the mizzen sheets—oh, I think that would be very nice.

WIMBLEDON. Annie ought never to do anything—but sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam—and try to get money from George Wimbledon. That's hard enough, isn't it, Annie? Never mind—you don't have to worry about your stock now. (*WIMBLEDON is showing more intoxication. Laughing.*)

ANNABELLE. (*Drooping*) Good gracious! (*Exits L.I.*)

WIMBLEDON. That's a great little woman, John. (*Pouring a drink.*) Here's to Rawson on the Raps!

"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE" 81

RAWSON. (*Right of table*) Here's to Rawson on the Raps! (*Drinks.*)

(*Enter JAMES L.2. nervously—seeing WIMBLEDON, starts off.*)

WIMBLEDON. James!

JAMES. (*Back of table*) Yes, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Tell that gentleman I had the encounter with to come down.

JAMES. I don't think he'll come, sir.

WIMBLEDON. I suppose you have to do everything he says, now you've rented the place to him.

JAMES. Oh, Mr. Wimbledon—if you'd only let me explain, sir.

WIMBLEDON. I'll let you explain—I'm going to pick out a nice, quiet penitentiary for you, too—tell your new employer that I want to apologize to him.

JAMES. Yes, sir—I—I'm deeply hurt, Mr. Wimbledon—and—I—give notice, sir.

WIMBLEDON. I don't notice it! (*Exit JAMES L.2. To RAWSON*) I wouldn't let him go for anything. Magnificent, isn't it?—his renting my place to this man. Superb! And what do you think of Rawson doing it? He doesn't look as if he had the nerve, does he?

RAWSON. I didn't really get a good look at him.

WIMBLEDON. Well, get him now—here he is—
(*RAWSON crosses up R.C.*) Don't go 'way, John.

(*Enter GOSLING L.2., also JAMES.*)

GOSLING. Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Wimbledon?

WIMBLEDON. (*Affably*) I want to apologize for my treatment of you, sir. It was unpardonable, but I want you to excuse me. I mistook you for one of my neighbors.

82 "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

GOSLING. Well—I'm very glad if it was a mistake, Mr. Wimbledon. I didn't see what I had done to merit such treatment.

WIMBLEDON. You didn't—of course not—it was a happy idea of yours, coming down here.

READY Piano

WIMBLEDON. What do we care? Have a drink? (*Pouring drink for GOSLING and himself.*)

GOSLING. Why, thanks, I don't mind if I do. I was going to say—there's a little matter of business I want to speak to you about. There are two shares of stock in your possession that I want to get hold of.

WIMBLEDON. All right—you shall tell me about it on the boat. We're going for a sail on the *Blue-bell*, and I'll take you with me.

GOSLING. Oh, I don't know that I'd better do that. I'm not a very good sailor.

WIMBLEDON. John! (*Bursts into explosive laughter. RAWSON comes down a little R.C.*)

GOSLING. (*Disturbed*) I didn't know he was there or I wouldn't have spoken so freely.

WIMBLEDON. Oh, you can trust John—you've only got to look at him to know that he'll keep your secrets as though they were his own.

GOSLING. I really don't think I'd better, Mr. Wimbledon.

WIMBLEDON. Come along. If you want to talk to me, you'll have to—I can't stay in the house on a day like this.

GOSLING. But my clothes are still damp.

WIMBLEDON. James, find some clothes for this gentleman at once.

JAMES. (*To GOSLING*) Come this way, sir.

(*GOSLING, followed by JAMES, exits L.2.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Laughing*) John, he says he's not

a very good sailor. (*Crosses to RAWSON c.*) How did such an old fool as Rawson ever make any money?

RAWSON. Don't ask me. (*Eyeing WIMBLEDON as if determined about the best way to get what he wants.*)

(*Enter ANNABELLE L.I.*)

WIMBLEDON. Here's Annie—dear little Annie—with her little soft hands that she does up in thirty-two-button gloves at night. Suppose you wait in the garden, John—it's cooler. (*Faces ANNIE.*)

RAWSON. (*To ANNABELLE, quite ready to stay if she says so*) Shall I go?

WIMBLEDON. (*Thinking JOHN addressed him*) Yes, go, John.

ANNABELLE. (*Very softly*) Yes, please go.

(*Exit RAWSON R.2.—WIMBLEDON places chair for ANNABELLE R. of table L. ANNABELLE sits.*)

WIMBLEDON. (L.C.) Annie—I don't want to boast—but I wish my father could see me now.

ANNABELLE. (L.) I wish he *could*, sir.

WIMBLEDON. He's dead, you know.

ANNABELLE. Oh, is he, sir?

WIMBLEDON. And he died without ever appreciating me.

ANNABELLE. That's too bad, sir, isn't it?

WIMBLEDON. I'm going to be everything that he wanted to be, Annie—I'm going to be the Copper King—and the off lodes of the mine are zinc. Think of it!

ANNABELLE. Splendid, isn't it, sir? You can do so much with zinc.

WIMBLEDON. What can you do with zinc, Annie?

84 "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

ANNABELLE. Well, *I* can't do anything with it, sir—but I thought they made pipes with it.

WIMBLEDON. Pipes—I guess they do—well, my child, I promise you now that while I live you shall never want for zinc pipes. (ANNABELLE *laughs*.) I'm a little drunk, Annie—do you notice it?

ANNABELLE. Oh, no, sir—it wouldn't be respectful for me to, sir.

WIMBLEDON. Annie—you suit me exactly—it doesn't do to get drunk in the presence of ladies. Aren't you glad we're not ladies, Annie—I am—I'm so happy, I want to sing. (*Crosses R. to chair R.C., sits.*)

ANNABELLE. (*Going c.*) Well, why don't you, sir?

WIMBLEDON. I'm afraid you'll leave me if I do.

ANNABELLE. Oh, no, sir, I won't leave you now.

WIMBLEDON. Bless you, Annie. Do you know this— (*Sings*)

"Your eyes, oh, your eyes——" No——

(*Changing tune*)

"Your eyes, oh, your eyes——" No. Do you know it, Annie?

ANNABELLE. Why, yes, sir—something like that. (*She goes to the piano.*) Shall I try and play it for you, sir?

WIMBLEDON. Yes—sing something awfully sweet, Annie—and say the words as though you meant me——

WARNING

ANNABELLE. (*Sitting at piano, singing*)

"Other eyes to mine are ever speaking,

Eyes of brown, eyes of blue—

And an answer to this question seeking,

'Is it you—ah, tell me—*is* it you?" "

WIMBLEDON. Yes—it's *me*——

ANNABELLE.

"Other eyes to mine are ever speaking,

Only yours pass me by——"

WIMBLEDON. Never, Annie!

ANNABELLE.

"The only eyes to which I could reply,

It is I—my darling, it is I!"

WIMBLEDON. (*Much affected*) Sweet—perf'c'ly sweet!

ANNABELLE.

"There is a happy path that leads, they say,

Far from this sorry world we know——

But only happy lovers find the way,

So how am I to go?"

WIMBLEDON. (*Almost inaudibly*) Mediterranean . . .

(RAWSON, *passing outside, stops at window c.*)

ANNABELLE.

"Other eyes to mine are ever speaking,

Only yours pass me by——

The only eyes to which I could reply,

It is I—my darling, it is I!"

(*Observes that WIMBLEDON has fallen asleep in his chair; still singing, crosses to him.*)

"Sometimes they're merry, laughing eyes that smile,

Sometimes they're wistful eyes, that say,

'Forget your memories a little while,

And love me—just to-day!"

(*During the above ANNABELLE gently removes the envelope containing the stock from WIMBLEDON'S pocket; she puts in its place the seven one hundred dollar bills. She returns to the piano and plays and sings.*)

"Other eyes to mine are speaking,

Eyes of brown—eyes of blue—

Yours are the only eyes I'm seeking,"

(*Smiling—leaning a little toward WIMBLEDON.*)

"It is you—my darling, it is you!"

(RAWSON *has watched the scene through the window. Agitated when ANNABELLE crosses to WIMBLEDON, almost breathless, glad, when she takes the stock. At the very end ANNABELLE raises her eyes and sees him.*)

ACT III

SCENE: *The Lodge Garden. Path R. leading to gardener's cottage. Path L.U.E. leading to WIMBLEDON'S home. A high wall across back with iron gate in center.*

AT RISE: JENNINGS and GWENDOLEN at table L., making tea.

GWENDOLEN. Mr. Jennings—you're not going away?

JENNINGS. Why—I've been discharged—didn't you hear?

GWENDOLEN. Why?

JENNINGS. I turned the hose on Mr. Wimbledon.

GWENDOLEN. But that was an accident.

JENNINGS. No—it wasn't. I did it intentionally.

GWENDOLEN. Oh, dear! Well, if you're going, I'm going, too.

JENNINGS. Oh, no—you can stay on as parlor maid.

GWENDOLEN. But I wouldn't want to do that. (GWENDOLEN sits R., JENNINGS L. of table.) I just love the Lodge.

JENNINGS. Yes, we've been very happy here—as far as it's gone.

GWENDOLEN. It's like our lodge at Sweetwoods—my father is going to give it to me after I'm married. But I don't know when that will be now. He doesn't like Alfred.

JENNINGS. Do you? I mean—your father must have some reason.

GWENDOLEN. He doesn't like Alfred's father.

JENNINGS. I have such a sweet old father—but that's neither here nor there. Even a discharged gardner must have his tea.

GWENDOLEN. You don't think there's any chance of your staying?

JENNINGS. I don't see what can happen to alter the inexorable march of events.

(Enter JAMES R.2.)

JAMES. *(With importance crossing c.)* Mr. Wimbledon has ordered all gates locked, Mr. Jennings. *(Goes to gate and locks it.)* He's been robbed.

JENNINGS. Robbed—has he, really?

JAMES. *(Down c.)* No one's to be permitted in or out—I have the keys. *(Crosses L.2.)*

GWENDOLEN. We're locked in.

JENNINGS. *(Cheerfully)* Isn't it terrible?—the end of a perfect day.

(Enter LOTTIE L.2—She is out of breath and excited. Comes to back of table.)

LOTTIE. I ran all the way from the house. Mr. Wimbledon's woke up and he's dismissed everybody. It makes no difference to me—I'd just as lieve go to-day as to-morrow—and rather.

GWENDOLEN. Who does he think has robbed him, Lottie—and what does he think they've taken?

LOTTIE. *(Surprised)* Robbed and taken—does he say that?

GWENDOLEN. That's what James said.

LOTTIE. Well, James had better look to himself as far as that goes—as for me, I have no cause to worry—robbed and taken—what are you going to do?

JENNINGS. We're going to have some tea—would you like a cup? *(GWENDOLEN pours a cup and serves JENNINGS and herself.)*

LOTTIE. Tea? What good does that do? You

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feel just the same after as you did before. (*Crosses c.*) Do you care if I go in the Lodge and sit a while, Mr. Jennings?

JENNINGS. Delighted to have you, Lottie.

LOTTIE. I don't want to go back to the house till it blows over, if it does. If it don't, I can go on the five-three—my trunk's packed and ready. (*Exits R.2.*)

GWENDOLEN. Do you know what I wish?

JENNINGS. I wonder if it's the same thing I wish?

(LOTTIE *appears* R.C.)

LOTTIE. If anyone should ask you—just don't tell them that you saw me.

JENNINGS. (*Not looking*) We didn't see you.

(LOTTIE *exits* R.2.)

GWENDOLEN. (*Resuming*) I wish you'd recite me one of your poems.

JENNINGS. Do you really? Why, you adorable dear! Ethel won't listen to them any more.

GWENDOLEN. Just because you can't sell them. I think the reason you can't is because they're so good.

JENNINGS. I know it is. I'm doing some *vers libre* now—shall I tell you a little bit I wrote this morning?

GWENDOLEN. Oh, please do——

JENNINGS. Dawn! Trailing, saffron and gray—

LOTTIE. (*Reappearing* R.2., *goes* c.) After all, our troubles are just what we make them. I feel superior to everything and everybody. I know the sun is shining and nothing can harm me.

(GWENDOLEN *and* JENNINGS *look at her annoyed.*
She exits R.2.)

JENNINGS. (*Getting into the mood with a little difficulty*)

Dawn!

Trailing saffron and gray chiffon veils

Over the sea—

The sea, like a great, strong, loud-singing boy,

Waiting to welcome her—

Dawn!

(*Enter LOTTIE R.2. She is depressed and tearful.*)

LOTTIE. Though for the matter of that—for a few moments of pleasure—think what we have to suffer.

GWENDOLEN. Sh-h!

(*LOTTIE stays on and listens, her mood swayed by the verse libre.*)

JENNINGS. (*Continuing with difficulty*)

Dawn!

Changing to gold and blue—

Ever changing, like a dancer

On whom the lights are thrown.

Dawn with *wistful* shadows—

LOTTIE. Dawn with whiskers!

JENNINGS.

Till she emerges—glorious morning!

And throws herself into the arms

Of her Lover the Sea.

LOTTIE. Stop! It does something to me! Dawn!
(*She staggers off R.B.*)

GWENDOLEN. (*Rising, also JENNINGS*) Oh, let's go where we won't be disturbed.

(*Enter MURCHISON left 2. He has his watch in his hand and is plainly upset. Crosses c.*)

MURCHISON. When you see Mrs. Leigh, please tell her that I waited for her and that I have gone.

JENNINGS. But if you haven't I don't believe you will. Wimbleton says he's been robbed, and the gates are locked.

(*Exit JENNINGS and GWENDOLEN L.2. MURCHISON goes R.C. and paces. Enter ANNABELLE R.2.*)

ANNABELLE. Here I am, Harry. (*Crosses and sits on stool L. of table R.*)

MURCHISON. You said four o'clock. (*Crosses to right of table R.*)

ANNABELLE. Well, I wonder I didn't say something worse.

MURCHISON. Just tell me something, Annabelle. Do you care for this man?

ANNABELLE. Which man, Harry? (*WIMBLETON'S voice heard off left. ANNABELLE rises.*)

WIMBLETON. (*Off left*) Don't let anybody out. Don't let anybody in.

MURCHISON. The devil! It's Wimbleton!

ANNABELLE. Hide, Harry—hide! (*She rises at sound of WIMBLETON'S voice.*)

MURCHISON. I shall do nothing of the sort.

(*Enter WIMBLETON L.2., comes c.*)

WIMBLETON. Well, Annie, I see you kept your date in spite of what I said.

ANNABELLE. Didn't think you would mind. I thought you were asleep.

WIMBLETON. (*c.*) I mind things in my sleep.

MURCHISON. (*To ANNABELLE*) Have you told Mr. Wimbleton who I am?

WIMBLETON. Yes, she has told me, and I call it a contemptible outrage that you should come into my house and try to take her away from me.

MURCHISON. How about your taking her away from me?

WIMBLEDON. Annie came to me of her own free will—let me remind you of your wife, sir.

MURCHISON. (*To ANNABELLE*) You told him about Ada!

WIMBLEDON. Yes, she did—I appreciate all that you do, in Annie—she's a sweet, healthy soul—and I daresay she makes the best lemon meringue pie in the world—but in spite of that—I say, go back to your wife!

MURCHISON. Lemon meringue! What's the matter with you? You want me to go and leave her for you, but I won't do it. Do you want me to, Annabelle?

WIMBLEDON. (*To ANNABELLE*) You told me a fib, Annie—he doesn't call you by that funny name—Dappledown, or whatever it was.

MURCHISON. Tell me—Annabelle—tell me the truth?

ANNABELLE. Well, in a way—yes.

MURCHISON. Yes what?

ANNABELLE. Yes—which? I don't know—I'm all mixed up—I only know this—I don't want to marry anybody.

WIMBLEDON. Marry! Were you going to marry her?

MURCHISON. (*Furious, going to him*) What do you mean? Isn't she the finest, straightest little woman in the world?

WIMBLEDON. All right, all right—I'll marry her—you go back to Ada—and forgive Irmengard while you're about it.

MURCHISON. Irmengard? Are you crazy?

ANNABELLE. (*Going to MURCHISON*) No, no—go and wait for me outside—I'll come in five minutes.

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MURCHISON. (*Glaring at WIMBLEDON*) Maybe it will be safer—for him.

ANNABELLE. (*Leading MURCHISON R.1*) Yes, yes, I'm sure it will.

(*Exit MURCHISON R.1.*)

WIMBLEDON. Colton Morrisson is too excitable, Annie—I think the Missie will be glad she lost him. Do you like that kind of a man?

ANNABELLE. (*Sitting left of table R.*) Well, that depends, sir—at a baseball game or a circus they're all right.

WIMBLEDON. But you don't want a circus all the time.

ANNABELLE. Have you really been robbed, Mr. Wimbleton?

WIMBLEDON. Yes, but don't worry—I don't. I've got a very good detective on it. Wickham from the Hotel St. Swithin.

ANNABELLE. Good gracious! And will we all be searched and questioned?

WIMBLEDON. You won't mind that, will you? You're innocent, Annie—why should you mind?

ANNABELLE. Just being innocent, sir, doesn't make it any better. It will spoil my whole afternoon.

WIMBLEDON. (*Looks off R.*) Well, I won't have it, then. You can just tell Wickham you didn't do it, and that's all there is to it. (*Down right of table.*) That's a very pretty dress you've got on, Annie—

ANNABELLE. Why, it's an old dress of Mrs. Colton Morrisson's I just pressed and fixed up a little.

WIMBLEDON. Are you sure it isn't an old dress of Mr. Colton Morrisson's, Annie? (*Exit R.2.*)

(Enter ALEC L.2.)

ALEC. John's down on the rocks at the foot of the lawn.

ANNABELLE. Fishing?

ALEC. No, he's just thinking.

ANNABELLE. He's not thinking of coming up here, I suppose?

ALEC. Do you want to see him? (*Stands L.*)

ANNABELLE. Oh, no!

ALEC. I'll tell him.

ANNABELLE. Oh, no! Don't!

ALEC. All right, I won't. (*Crosses to L.U. and beckons RAWSON on. Enter RAWSON L.2.*)

RAWSON. (*Up L.*) Did you ask her?

ALEC. I didn't have to, sir. She wants to see you too. Don't be too anxious, sir. (*ALEC exits L.2. RAWSON crosses to back of table c.*)

RAWSON. (*ANNABELLE has been lost in thought*) I saw what you did.

ANNABELLE. You saw me take the——

RAWSON. —stock from Mr. Wimbledon's pocket? Yes.

ANNABELLE. Oh, Mr. Rawson—I hope you saw me pay for it, too?

RAWSON. Did you pay for it?

ANNABELLE. Yes, with seven hundred dollars that I borrowed from Mr. Wimbledon.

RAWSON. I see. (*Sits right of table R.*)

ANNABELLE. Did you think it was very dreadful of me?

RAWSON. I was just waiting to do it myself.

ANNABELLE. You?

RAWSON. Just waiting for the proper moment—but you got ahead of me.

ANNABELLE. (*Disturbed*) But what right had you to take it?

RAWSON. Only the right of being sober.

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ANNABELLE. What were you going to do with it?

RAWSON. (*Hesitating*) I was going to give it to your husband.

ANNABELLE. (*Surprised*) But how could you do that? Do you know him?

RAWSON. Yes.

ANNABELLE. Why didn't you tell me?

RAWSON. Well, I knew you didn't think much of him—and I thought my being a friend of his wouldn't help me any—with you.

ANNABELLE. A friend of his? How can you be friends with a man like that?

RAWSON. I know you think he's a thief, but if you understood better how he made his money—

ANNABELLE. I know how he made it.

RAWSON. I don't think you do—any more than you know why he married you. What would have happened to you that night if you hadn't been carried off? Did you ever think of that?

ANNABELLE. No, I never thought of that. (*Front in thought.*)

RAWSON. It seems to me your husband did the best he could considering what a poor, ignorant fellow he was at the time.

ANNABELLE. (*To him*) Has he changed? Of course he's rich, but in other ways? Is his beard just as long?

RAWSON. Well, a remarkable thing happened. A woman out there fell in love with him——

ANNABELLE. What kind of a woman? An Indian?

RAWSON. A school teacher. She taught him everything she knew——

ANNABELLE. And then she taught him to love her.

RAWSON. No, she couldn't teach him that. You see, he always had an idea that he wasn't the kind of a man that a woman would care for, but when this

woman did, he thought that some time perhaps you—

ANNABELLE. Mr. Rawson, tell him to marry the school teacher.

RAWSON. To marry the school teacher?

ANNABELLE. Yes, I hope he has a name to give her. I hope they'll be happy.

(WIMBLEDON *enters* R.2.)

WIMBLEDON. (RAWSON *rises.*) Suppose you know I've been robbed. I don't suspect any one, but as it happens there's a detective on the place. I'm going to use him to exonerate everyone. All but one. So stick around within call.

(*Exit* RAWSON R.3. WIMBLEDON *goes to* L. of ANNABELLE.)

WIMBLEDON. You mustn't flirt with John, Annie. I think he'd take it very hard if you threw him down. Flirt with me, I'm fireproof. I've automatic sprinklers in my hat. All doors open outward and I've the requisite number of escapes.

ANNABELLE. Very well, sir, I will, but not just now.

(*Enter* WICKHAM L.2.)

WICKHAM. Well, Mr. Wimbledon, it's a beautiful place you've got down here.

WIMBLEDON. Yea, but it's nothing to the beautiful people.

WICKHAM. We'll soon have all that straightened out, sir. I conduct an inquiry of this kind according to the latest psychological methods.

WIMBLEDON. All right, Wickham. (*Takes* WICKHAM *by arm and strolls off* L.2.) You understand it was two shares of stock in an envelope taken out

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of my coat pocket while I was having a short nap on the kitchen table. (*Exits L.3.*)

(ANNABELLE rises, starts R.)

JAMES. (*Pleadingly, to ANNIE R.C.*) Please, Annie—just a moment.

ANNABELLE. Well, what is it, James?

JAMES. I'm expecting me walking papers from Mr. Wimbledon, Annie. He'll never stand for me renting the place to Mr. Rawson.

ANNABELLE. Well—perhaps Mr. Rawson will do something for you, James.

JAMES. Just what I thought, Annie—it wouldn't be a bad idea if we was to go into his employ together. He seems to have taken quite a fancy to you. (*ANNABELLE is pensive.*) Speak to him for us both, Annie.

ANNABELLE. Speak for yourself, James—

JAMES. You wouldn't want to go with Mr. Rawson, Annie?

ANNABELLE. No, James. I can't trust him.

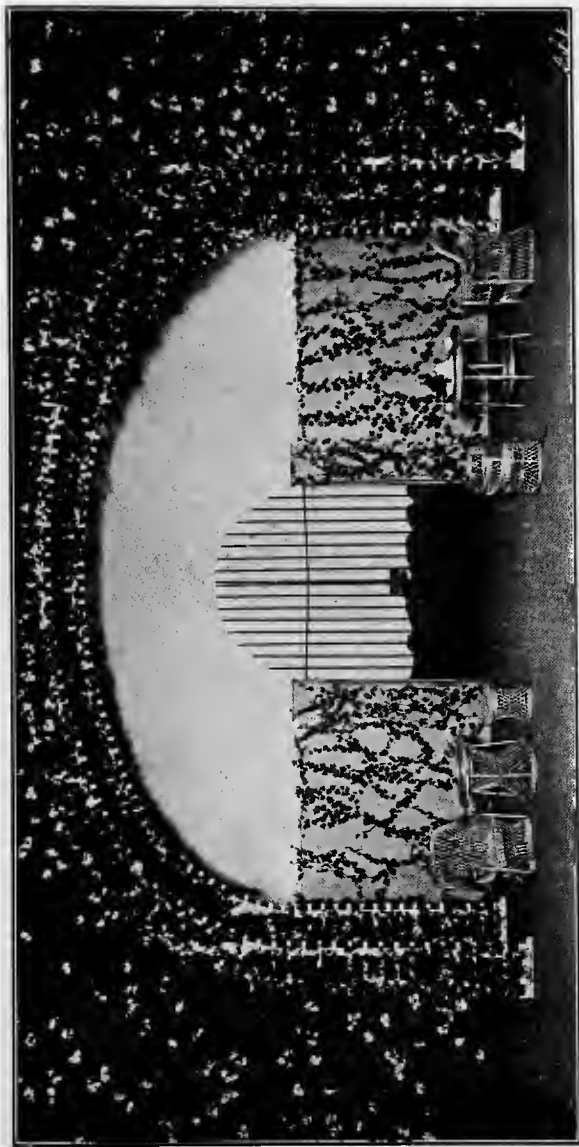
JAMES. That don't matter, Annie—just so he trusts us.

(WICKHAM, JENNINGS, GWENDOLEN, ETHEL and ALFRED enter L.2.)

WICKHAM. Conduct the new servants to the Lodge, Mr. Ludgate, and I'll examine them one by one.

(JENNINGS, GWENDOLEN, ETHEL and ALFRED exit R.3.)

JAMES. Come, Annie.



The stage of the Republic Theatre, New York, set for "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE", Act III.

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(ANNABELLE *exits* R.2. WIMBLEDON *drops down*
L.C.)

WICKHAM. (C.) Mr. Wimbledon, I don't like to say it, but this looks to me like a big conspiracy. I saw all of these people yesterday at the St. Swithin.

(*Enter* LOTTIE and JAMES R.2.)

JAMES. Hearing stifled howls coming from the linen press, sir, I opened the door and found Lottie a hiding.

LOTTIE. It's no surprise to me. I felt something hanging over me all day.

WIMBLEDON. (L.C.) Maybe it's a hang-over.

LOTTIE. All I have to say, Mr. Wimbledon, is this, that I take it occasionally for medicinal purposes and I'm sick a good deal of the time.

WIMBLEDON. (L.) What are you talking about?

JAMES. (R.) She's taken a case of Scotch and made it into a window-seat.

WIMBLEDON. Well, go and *sit* on it.

WICKHAM. It's not a case of Scotch, young woman. Wait in the lodge.

LOTTIE. You won't keep me waiting long, will you? (*Exits* R.2.)

WICKHAM. (C.) I think you'll be interested, Mr. Wimbledon. In this case, I use the Freud system.

WIMBLEDON. (*Left*) Fraud system—what's that?

WICKHAM. By the simple saying of words placed in a certain order or disorder, I can detect the guilty party. Stay and watch me if you like, sir.

WIMBLEDON. All right, I will. (*Sits right of*
L.T.)

WICKHAM. Call the first one.

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JAMES. (*Up R.C., calls R.3.*) Alonzo Jennings.

(*Enter JENNINGS R.2., crossing down.*)

WIMBLEDON. The busy gardner. I don't think he had anything to do with it.

WICKHAM. Alonzo Jennings, I'll tell you something. This man was in the Hotel St. Swithin yesterday passing himself off as Wilbur Jennings, the poet.

WIMBLEDON. I never heard of him.

WICKHAM. Well, I consider Wilbur Jennings the greatest living poet to-day, and the effrontery of this fellow—— (*WICKHAM addresses this speech to WIMBLEDON. At finish he extends right hand toward JENNINGS, still looking at WIMBLEDON.*)

JENNINGS. (*Quickly taking hand*) Mr. Wickham, I thank you for those kind words. I do really, coming from a simple man like you who knows nothing——

WICKHAM. Silence!

JENNINGS. (*Effusively*) Really, it's delightful to know. (*Shakes hands.*)

WICKHAM. (*Pulling hand away, deducting*) Stop! Stop! Suppose we're in a garden. Select from these packages of seed zinias, delphinium, stock and lupin. Quick! The stock—I mean the seed.

WIMBLEDON. Maybe you took them yourself, Wickham.

WICKHAM. (*Turns sharply to WIMBLEDON*) Mr. Wimbledon, please—to conduct an inquiry of this kind, I must concentrate.

WIMBLEDON. All right, but I think the flower bed is cold, Wickham.

WICKHAM. (*Resuming with JENNINGS*) I give you the words. Periscope, altruistic, stock, bridge. Oblivious. What word occurs to you? Quick, the word!

JENNINGS. Fool is the only word that occurs to me, Mr. Wickham.

WICKHAM. (*Quickly, clapping hands*) Passed. Next. (*Exit JENNINGS L.2.*)

JAMES. (*Crossing up R.C., calls R.2.*) Lottie Smiley.

(*Enter LOTTIE R.2., comes to c.*)

WICKHAM. (*Deducting*) Now suppose we take a walk under those trees yonder——

LOTTIE. That's where I used to walk with the coachman that was discharged.

WICKHAM. Yes, but never mind that.

LOTTIE. We used to sit on the seat under the old apple tree at the end. It was so beautiful when the sun went down, except for the caterpillars.

WICKHAM. (*Deducting*) Well, if your mind is beset with memories of that place, we'll take another. Suppose I take you to the movies?

LOTTIE. I couldn't go to-night. I'm going to the church social. I don't know why I go. They don't put anything in it but ginger—still I go.

WICKHAM. You can't concentrate. Can you?

LOTTIE. Why, certainly. I used to in my last place, but I don't get time for any kind of recreation here.

WICKHAM. You don't understand. Can you put your mind on *one* thing and *keep* it on one thing?

LOTTIE. It depends upon what the thing is. (*Eyes him.*)

WICKHAM. Concentrate on *me* for a moment.

LOTTIE. (*Shyly*) On you, right here in front of Mr. Wimbledon?

WICKHAM. (*Going close to her*) Look into my eyes a moment. What do you *think* when you look into them?

LOTTIE. (*Looking at eyes*) One's a little higher than the other.

WICKHAM. Now—I say the words expectant—radical—Anthony Comstock—Misanthrope. What word comes to you—(*Sharp and quick*)—Quick, the word!

LOTTIE. (*Sadly and slowly*) There's always something the matter with everyone that likes me.

WICKHAM. What! What!

LOTTIE. I have a brother in the asylum. I wish you could meet him. You remind me of him so much. You are kind. Any one can see that, and I'll go to the movies with you to-morrow night. I'm not afraid. If you won't get violent and talk loud.

WICKHAM. That'll do. That'll do. (*Crosses to WIMBLEDON L.*) Non compos mentis—

LOTTIE. Poor nut. Saturn and mercury, what are you doing to me? (*Exit R.I.*)

WICKHAM. Next.

JAMES. (*Going up R.C., calls off R.3, sadly*) Annie Postlethwaite.

(*Enter ANNABELLE R.2, crossing down R. to front of R.T.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Rising*) Stop! I won't have it.

WICKHAM. Please, Mr. Wimbledon—allow me to conduct this investigation in my own way.

WIMBLEDON. I will not—you conduct it in my way, and suspect the people I tell you to—or it's all off.

ANNABELLE. Oh, thank you, Mr. Wimbledon.

(*Enter RAWSON and GOSLING L.3.*)

WICKHAM. (*Seeing RAWSON*) Why, how do you do, Mr. Rawson—I didn't know you were down here.



"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"



WIMBLEDON. Isn't he the fool—what's the matter with you, Wickham? This is Mr. Rawson—
(*Indicating* GOSLING.)

GOSLING. My name's Gosling. This is Mr. Rawson.

WIMBLEDON. (*To* RAWSON) So you're John Rawson— (*Turns to* WICKHAM) The inquiry is off. I know who's got the stock. Thank you, Wickham. You're a great detective. But I don't need you. Don't need you, Gosling. James, Annie, leave me with this man a moment.

(JAMES *exits* R., WICKHAM *exits* R.2., GOSLING *exits* L.2.)

ANNABELLE. Very well, sir. (*Exits* R.2.)

(RAWSON *looks longingly after* ANNABELLE R. WIMBLEDON *sets himself and crosses to* RAWSON, *staring at the middle of* RAWSON'S back.)

WIMBLEDON. You took that stock out of my pocket—do you deny it?

RAWSON. No—I didn't like the way it got in.
(*Turns to* WIMBLEDON.)

WIMBLEDON. You don't suppose I'm going to submit to it.

RAWSON. Of course not.

WIMBLEDON. Well—what do you think I'm going to do?

RAWSON. I don't have to think—I suppose it means a law suit—perhaps a few years of litigation.

WIMBLEDON. (*Walking a few paces* L.C., *turning*) Rawson—you're a good business man—what would you advise us to do?

RAWSON. What I've always advised—what I

tried to get your father to do—get together. (*After a moment*) Get together——

WIMBLEDON. Be partners?

RAWSON. Why not? You've only got to look at me—to know that I would keep your secrets as though they were my own.

WIMBLEDON. I said that, didn't I? And the fight would be off?

RAWSON. The fight would be off.

WIMBLEDON. (*Thinking a moment*) Well, I'm with you, Johnnie. (*Takes RAWSON by the arm and comes down a few steps.*) I don't like fighting, anyhow. This is a great moment. I wish I were sober, so I could appreciate it. Where's Annie—— (*Goes up L., calling*) Annie——

(*Enter ANNABELLE R.2.*)

ANNABELLE. Did you call me?

WIMBLEDON. Yes, let's have a little tea, my dear, and then Mr. Rawson and I are going.

ANNABELLE. Going?

WIMBLEDON. Going into partnership, aren't we, Johnnie?

ANNABELLE. Into partnership!

RAWSON. I'll explain.

WIMBLEDON. I'll explain—Rawson is a thief, Annie—and I need one in my business.

ANNABELLE. Are you joking, Mr. Wimbledon?

WIMBLEDON. He stole two shares of stock out of my pocket, Annie.

ANNABELLE. Does he say so?

WIMBLEDON. Of course, my dear—you don't understand—his doing that shows that he is worthy of being Wimbledon's partner.

ANNABELLE. It shows nothing—for he didn't do it. Oh, how awful men are—how perfectly dreadful they are! They lie and steal—and even when

they don't, they say they do. (*Looking from RAWSON to WIMBLEDON*) He has no right to go into partnership with you.

WIMBLEDON. The dear thing's gone off her head.

RAWSON. (*To ANNABELLE*) I'll explain it all to you. Don't be worried, please. Just trust me.

ANNABELLE. (*Her hands on her breast*) Oh, I can't! I have it here—the stock!

WIMBLEDON. You!

ANNABELLE. Yes—it belongs to me. I paid for it with the money I borrowed from you.

WIMBLEDON. (*L.C.*) But I don't understand, Annie. Was this the stock that Colton Morrisson—

ANNABELLE. (*C.*) Yes, it was— (*Changing her mind.*) No, it wasn't. There ain't any Colton Morrisson.

WIMBLEDON. (*Terribly shocked*) Why, Annie Dappledown—

ANNABELLE. There isn't any Annie Dappledown. The stock belongs to me, and I'm Annabelle Leigh! Good gracious! I've been a long time telling you. (*Sits R.C.*)

WIMBLEDON. A big conspiracy, just as Wickham said. You came down here to get that stock.

ANNABELLE. But that wasn't all. I came down here because yesterday I suddenly found myself in desperate need. I found myself homeless, penniless and a co-respondent—all at once.

WIMBLEDON. (*Crossing C.*) A co-respondent, Annie? Who's the lucky man? (*Strolls up and around to R. of table.*)

ANNABELLE. (*Not heeding*) It was too much—I overheard your butler telling about this wonderful place—and that you needed a cook.

RAWSON. (*C. Amazed*) A cook!

ANNABELLE. It seemed like the mercy of Providence—so we all came down—your new servants

aren't servants at all. (*To WIMBLEDON*) They're just poor—like me.

WIMBLEDON. Poor servants—I noticed that—well, it's the most amazing thing I ever heard of.

RAWSON. Why didn't you tell me—I would have done something about it yesterday.

ANNABELLE. You did—you paid for the lunch.

RAWSON. (*Agitatedly*) But your husband sends you money——

ANNABELLE. Oh, yes.

RAWSON. He doesn't send you enough?

ANNABELLE. He couldn't—he sends it every quarter, but I need it every second. It's so hard to pay your bills when the checks come right back. I never had a cashier in any bank that adds the same way I do—and, oh, you can't imagine the desperation of a woman alone in a room with an unbalanced bank account——

WIMBLEDON. Well, you're a great financier, little woman! You've created a merger that will surprise the world. But your stock has gone down—it no longer means the balance of power.

ANNABELLE. (*Rising*) Do you mean to say my stock has lost its balance? Then I suppose I've ruined my husband——

WIMBLEDON. Well, who cares——

ANNABELLE. I care—he's just as bad as either of you—and deserves just as much success—and, after all, he does provide for me.

WIMBLEDON. Well, anyone would be glad to do that. As a matter of fact, Rawson—there should never have been any fight between us—we've been partners in crime for years. This mine doesn't belong to either of us—it belongs to the Hermit—whatever he is.

RAWSON. (*Surprised*) It belongs to the Hermit—do you *know* that?

WIMBLEDON. Why, of course—it's a matter of

record. But the poor devil that staked the claim is out of it—that shows what it is to be honest.

ANNABELLE. (*Sitting, having listened intently*) Do you mean to say my husband is honest?—I never had such a shock in my life. (*Sits.*)

WIMBLEDON. (*Quickly*) Do you mean to say your husband is the Hermit?

ANNABELLE. He is——

WIMBLEDON. Well, then, Mrs. Hermit, I owe you an apology—and Rawson owes you a great deal of money. Now I'm going to have a good cry over my lost little Anna Dappledown, the only cook I ever loved. (*Exits R.2.*)

ANNABELLE. Oh, but this makes everything different—you were right, after all.

RAWSON. Yes—well, you see—I knew I was.

ANNABELLE. Do you know what I think I ought to do? I ought to go out there to him.

RAWSON. Oh, I don't think he'd want you to do that——

ANNABELLE. To ask him to forgive me. Why, don't you see?—he had a heart of gold—that was all kindness in his glittering eyes—and somewhere behind that shaggy beard there was a face—a kind face. Why, he's been beautiful to me—and perhaps I've ruined him! Do you think I have?

RAWSON. (*Thoughtfully*) Oh, no, he'll still have about ten thousand dollars a day.

ANNABELLE. Well, I'm going out there to him—and I shall try to live within our income.

RAWSON. Then you don't want a divorce?

ANNABELLE. No—are you married, Mr. Rawson?

RAWSON. (*Going to her*) Yes——

ANNABELLE. No—no—I don't want a divorce. I'm going to him.

RAWSON. But you won't find him out there.

ANNABELLE. Where is he?

RAWSON. He came East——

ANNABELLE. And he died?

RAWSON. No—he shaved and you don't know him.

ANNABELLE. (*Startled, looking at him*) You—oh, no!

RAWSON. Oh, yes. (*ANNABELLE weeps and covers face with hands.*) I shouldn't have told you. (*Starts off L.3, but comes back to L. of her.*) Are you angry?

ANNABELLE. (*Slight shake of head*) No.

RAWSON. Are you sorry?

ANNABELLE. (*Same bus.*)

RAWSON. Don't you want me to go?

ANNABELLE. (*Same bus., only exaggerated.*)

RAWSON. Then why are you crying?

ANNABELLE. I'm so happy! (*Wipes her eyes.*)

RAWSON. Do you mean it?

ANNABELLE. Yes—you see, having a husband somewhere made me lead a very lonely life—for I felt that though he owed it to me to take care of me—I owed it to him to be lonely, and I expected to be lonely all my life. And now to find that instead of being somewhere he's here—and I'm married to the right man—it's too much! (*RAWSON picks up ANNABELLE in his arms.*) What are you doing?

RAWSON. I'm taking you away.

ANNABELLE. Where?

RAWSON. Back to our cave. (*Exits L.2.*)

CURTAIN

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2 1/4 hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Boh" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink eard," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands through-out the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce. Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents.

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